

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE Queen is dead! God save the King! It resteth not at this juncture with newspapers, nor diplomats, nor potentates, nor powers, no matter how great or enthusiastic they may be, nor how eloquent their tributes of admiration and sorrow may be, to add to or detract from one iota of the glory of the splendid reign of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India. In history the dead Queen will be remembered as the greatest ruler of the greatest empire the world has ever seen. She will be quoted as a good woman as long as the world lasts and goodness remains in it, and remembered as the possessor of a maternal instinct so rare and comprehensive as to have brought near to her motherly heart not only her Royal kinspeople, who more largely than any others influence the dynasties of Europe, but at the same time she has held in affectionate regard the life, property and happiness of hundreds of millions of her subjects the world over. Her devotion to the task into which she entered by the accident of birth; her embodiment of the British instinct; her thorough conception of the constitution which ensures the freedom of all; her devotion to religion and the cause of justice, the betterment of mankind and the progress of the Empire, are the history of the century, with the close of which she expired. Never before was there a Royal personage so closely identified for so long a period with the greatest progress of humanity. It may appear that under the constitution she had exceedingly limited powers, but every Britisher knows, and every civilized being at all acquainted with the facts, must feel, that her influence, continued and powerful as it was through many political administrations, through periods of famine, pestilence, commercial disaster and defeats in war, as well as through the most brilliant successes which the world has ever known, was always exercised for good, for the permanence of the best institutions, and for the development of the noblest instincts not only of the British people, but the human race. Under the great Elizabeth, England felt the stimulus of a strong and concentrated female power, yet we blush to think of the woman. Under Victoria, Great Britain has planted its flags in lands of which Elizabeth never dreamed; scored its victories in commerce, science, and art; has recorded glories in war by sea and land; and the whole world with clasped hands and streaming eyes mourns the virtues of the woman as well as the prowess of the queen. Nothing can be gained at this moment of much speech by recounting the unparalleled glories of the Victorian period, but no writer or speaker can afford to refrain from expressing at this important epoch at least these few great truths, in order that they may be impressed upon the memory of those who are just growing into citizenship in this Great Empire. It is thus that the value of the unanimous opinion of the world may be given its greatest force, and there is such an enormous tide of admiration, sympathy and sorrow flowing from one pole to the other, and from the furthest East to the furthest West, that no youth of civilized forebears can fail to be impressed with the greatness and goodness of her who lies in state waiting to be entombed as the noblest monarch that ever sat upon a throne.

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII. and His August Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria are now the only conspicuous figures of the old regime whose shadows linger across the European stage. These shadows are dim and uncertain, and will soon pass away, and the world will find itself with a new play and new actors, and with the changes made by education, a strangely new audience. Oldest and most skilled in royal statecraft will be King Edward VII. Seldom, if ever before, has a king received such an apprenticeship. Never before has a king had a mother of such experience. In the history of the world never before has passed such an empire into the hands of anyone, and certainly never into the hands of one who has been so long preparing for the duties of so magnificent a place. Sometimes it is made impossible for a son to ever equal the glories of his father, but King Edward VII. comes into power without any masculine comparisons which can be to his belittlement, yet endowed with the enormous wealth of a nation's love for his mother. A more fortunate entrance into power could not possibly have been given to any man, and there is not a doubt in any British heart that he will meet the responsibilities which have so gradually come upon him. In the heart of the British people there is an abiding love for him who is now King. Had the tremendous responsibilities fallen upon him in his youth there might have been some question. Now there is none, and the whole Empire when it sings "God Save the King" will give voice to an absolute faith that in all the splendid line of British monarchs there will never be a greater than the one who has just ascended the throne.

IN the New World, where republics are the order of the day, and where the ruler changes either every four years or when a revolution provides for longer terms or more abrupt terminations of power, there is but one figure, and that is General Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico. Absolute dictator of Mexico, practically holding in his hand the life and property of every citizen of the republic, this great and extraordinary man, almost unknown outside of the country in which he rules, except by the foreigners who rely upon him for protection in their vast enterprises, has been for a quarter of a century the unchallenged despot of a country which has proportionately made greater progress during his sovereignty than either the United States or Canada. A general, a statesman, and a patriot, he has forced an unruly nation to behave itself. The one strong hand has built schools in almost every parish; has ruled the Church, the army, the twenty-seven States, and numerous unorganized districts and independent cities, as if there were no other power than his relentless hand. The country has grown peaceful, prosperous, and populated. Its credit is good; its debt, considering the circumstances, small; its prospects magnificent. Almost unattended, this man, who is half Indian, goes about in the capital of Mexico as if he bore a charmed life, though between forty and fifty organized attempts have been made upon his life. Hated by the Church, which would probably willingly absolve the sin of any man who put General Diaz to death, he still lives and rules with nothing but a shadow of power between him and his ultimate wish. Absolutely clean and blameless in his life, devoted to a lovely wife and fond children, this man has built a nation; and when the great figures of European history disappear, there is no doubt that this sturdy and fearless soldier will receive more attention from those who are looking after the remnants of past greatness than has ever yet been bestowed upon him. Apparently believing in the fate which made him great, or at least permitted him to become great, he must soon become the last of the revolutionary heroes of the New World. It may interest very few except those who have some personal acquaintance with the almost unparalleled achievements of General

Diaz, to know that there is a movement starting in Mexico to make a demonstration in his honor which, if carried out on the scale proposed, will turn the eyes of the world upon one who seized and held, and now holds, the high office of President for the good of the people.

THE habit of mourners draping themselves in black at funerals, together with the ostentation of mourning itself, no matter whether it be the grief we endeavor to express by a long visage or a carefully subdued voice, I have always objected to. It seems to me life is too short to insist upon changing the color of one's dress because a human life has ceased to exist. Nature may change from green to tints dull and gray, but it never turns to black except when fire has swept over the landscape. It is doubtless right for the whole British Empire to show sorrow for the decease of its Sovereign, but I cannot endorse those terrible black draperies which turn the thoughts of every subject to the grave. We all have troubles of our own. No life is without its grief, and no home without its vacant chair, and it is to be hoped that neither the conventionalities of Royalty nor the desire of the populace to engage in the sedate festivities of a funeral should pro-

country places, as Rev. Dr. Langtry stated, a host of jealous sects are struggling for existence where one church could perhaps serve the whole community much better. Every year sees the number of denominations increased, and no man can forecast the end. In cities and larger centers of population various churches and sects may well exist without unhealthy rivalry and without overburdening those who contribute. As a speculative proposition church union is enticing, but as a practical question no one can take much stock in it, for, as Dr. Langtry frankly stated, the Church of England cannot go to the other churches—they must come to it; and this is precisely what none of them propose to do. Even if the Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists were to throw in their lot with the Anglicans, there would still remain the insuperable cleavage between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, while no one is crazy enough to imagine that union is possible between the hundred and one minor sects that stand for some particular notion, and that are, with few exceptions, as narrow towards the creeds of other churches as they are tenacious of their own. These small sects, it must be borne in mind, are not to be condemned or left out of the count simply because they are weak and

shown and felt than by the people of the Dominion for such men as Hon. Justice Rose.

THE coming home of the Strathcona Horse cannot be regarded in any other light than the dying out of the spirit of adventure which led the young men of this country to engage in the South African war. Without doubt, many others can be found to take their places, but, as from the beginning, I see great objections against this sort of contribution to Imperial defences. It costs very large sums to transport our troops to the seat of war and to bring them home again. The Canadians not being a people all born of the same stock, such movements continually offer an opportunity for demagogues to excite the antipathy of the various races when expeditions are proposed against those who have similar forebears to a certain section of population that we find here in Canada. Would it not be much better to undertake the defence of Halifax, Esquimaux, Sydney, and the leading points of access and egress of this country? In Sydney alone many millions of dollars have been spent in coal and steel works, yet a foreign ship could enter that harbor without the slightest difficulty and destroy everything. We should defend these harbors; we should have military men to look after all the interests which are peculiarly our own as well as belonging to the Empire, and these in themselves would be an army which would relieve Great Britain of a very great and expensive task. If we undertake these things we will be doing our share, and with the undertaking of this task would not come the disturbing demonstrations which we feel bound to make when our "heroes" go abroad or return home. We have not only an interest in the Empire, but a duty which must be performed. It seems to me that it would be much better to dutifully perform our part at home rather than satisfy the unthoughtful by indulging in fireworks which may be useful as an initiative measure, but cannot be profitably kept up as a portion of an Imperial policy.

THE prevalent malady of la grippe, though spoken of so lightly by those who have not suffered from its worst forms, undoubtedly claims more victims every year than any other epidemic which prevails amongst civilized peoples—perhaps even more than war. The apparent unimportance of the disorder induces many people to disregard the easily distinguishable symptoms, and while in the great majority of cases people of strong bodily health succeed in ignoring its attacks, those who have well-defined physical lesions are made to understand that an influenza of this kind is frequently more fatal than diseases which are ordinarily held by us as things to be dreaded. The unfortunate faculties of la grippe for instantly making partnership with any other incipient disease or weakness in the human system, makes it every year more dreaded by those who know that they only need to make one bad physical stumble to be in a dire plight. Possibly one of the greatest mistakes made in connection with a prevalent disorder of this sort—excepting a total disregard of it—is to at once seek for a standard remedy and take a couple of days' rest. Though the symptoms in the majority of cases may be alike at the beginning, the dreadful affinity of the malignant disturber to seize upon the weakest spot in the system frequently so requires medical watchfulness that great harm is done before a physician is sent for. That pneumonia seems to be a near relative of la grippe, acting both on its own account and in partnership, is perhaps the most dreaded phase of what seems to be an annual pestilence. The fact that so many old people and those who are suffering from chronic derangement of the system die during the prevalence of this influenza, indicates either that atmospheric and electrical conditions are such as to make resistance less possible, or that even unconsciously the germs of la grippe turn the scales from recovery or the prolongation of life. I have had a week of it, in all its "cussedness," and can testify to the charming results of having every tooth aching at once, and every loose wheel creaking and groaning like an old wagon which has stood rusting in the rain for a lifetime.

THE hazing of a young man with the very suggestive name of Booz at West Point has been the subject of a Congressional enquiry and a vast amount of controversy throughout the press of the United States. Apparently everyone who has been at college defends the system of hazing, while those who look at the case in the abstract are startled to think that such performances are a part of a young man's training. It has not been shown that Booz was badly treated, and his father, who seems to have brought about the investigation, has done little else than prove that he was a poor tutor for the youth who sought for military honors. Everything has been alleged as the ground of the general tendency to give this particular young man a rather hard trip through West Point. It was said that his religion was against him, he having been a Roman Catholic, but why should anyone have known the young man's creed? His failure to fight with his fists when called out by a considerably smaller youth seems to have been overlooked by his parents as a tendency to be somewhat of a "softy." It may be a question whether we should have colleges to teach the spirit of war, bloodshed and victory, but I have seen no reasonable argument to prove that if we have such institutions boys should not be taught to fight. Boys like Booz who lie down on the ground and refuse to "scrap" with their classmates, can hardly be expected to make heroes in the time of war. I still leave myself open and unconvinced as to the worth of much of this "hero" business, but if we are to be warlike in spirit we certainly ought to be able to produce at our military academies graduates who do not refuse to swallow a little tabasco sauce or to resent a blow on one cheek by the giving of a little harder blow on the other fellow's cheek.

Wealthy parents in the United States and Canada alike appear anxious to have their sons pursue a military career, and it seems to me the rankest kind of folly for them to do the baby act after consecrating their children to the God of War. I have never known the interference of parents, either in preparatory or military schools or colleges, to produce anything but disaster. Our schools and colleges, if they are worth anything, must be regarded as preparatory to the great education of life in which the young man must take his own part, fight his own fights, and nurse his own wounds. Without doubt there is much brutality carried on in the name of hazing, but if we come to examine the ordinary methods of life we discover a singular likeness between the methods of inducting students into a proper frame of mind and the bringing of the man and the woman who engage in business to a recognition of the fact that nowhere can an easy career be found. I have seen some hazing and taken part in it, but I never saw a youth who did not need the experience, subjected to it. We all need experience. It may come to us young, it may only reach us after we are middle-aged, but it will get there, and it seems to me fortunate when it reaches the young man when he has enough of his life before him to utilize it. It is true that Booz died, but it does not appear true that anything that occurred to him at West Point contributed to his death. Had he left and become an officer in



HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

long the gruesome demonstrations which are so oppressive to everyone.

LAST year the people voted that the mayoralty and aldermanic salaries should be discarded. No attention was paid to this vote. This year, by an enormous popular majority, it was decided that the city should undertake the lighting project, which is not more difficult than the one which has been found very profitable of supplying the people with water. This appears likely to be tossed aside in the same arrogant spirit. If the things that the people vote upon are to be thus treated, is there any excuse for offering any proposition to the electorate for decision? If the vote means nothing, there is no use taking it. It is preposterous to contend that the people were less concerned with regard to a concrete proposition such as the taking over of the Gas Company than with regard to the election of a man who was an accident, and who is likely to prove a municipal and political dupe. High hats and large municipal jinks will by no means satisfy the people who are trying to begin a new century as partners in the business for which they supply the money and of which they are the customers. We may be intensely concerned as to the color of the Mayor's vests and the kind of buttons he wears, but really this is not going to prove enough. There are a great many young taxpayers who expect to contribute their quota towards the maintenance of the city for years to come. The contribution in the past has been excessive and poorly appropriated. We are not entering into any picture-book period, and this might as well be understood now as later.

REV. DR. LANGTRY'S address to his dissenting brethren of the Ministerial Association on church union was a strong presentation of the case from the standpoint of those who believe that extreme sectarianism is doing much to wreck the cause of true religion. There is a wholesome and proper rivalry, and there is a rivalry that is ruinous and wrong. In many small towns and

comparatively uninfluential. They have, many of them, stood out for some valuable principle, and, by laying emphasis on phases of truth that were being overlooked by the larger bodies, have had a not unimportant influence on the whole thought of Christendom.

NOTHING but sincerity, it seems to me, is contained in the tributes of admiration and respect paid to the late Hon. Justice Rose. He was universally esteemed as an absolutely upright, capable, and just judge. At the beginning of his career he was generally held to lack the element of mercy and to have a somewhat narrow tendency towards meting out the punishments of the law almost entirely without regard to palliating circumstances. Perhaps this was due to the rigid training of his youth, he having been brought up in the strictest sect, a Methodist. At the time of his appointment to the Bench it was understood to be not only a recognition of his merits as a man and a lawyer, but an act of deference to the great religious body to which he belonged. The great experience that he met while upon the Bench rapidly and visibly widened his sympathies, thus adding ripeness and a touch of clemency to the justice which he always meted out without fear or favor. Even his religious views led him later on into associating himself with the Anglican Church, and in social life his prejudices against legitimate though worldly amusements which he once considered irreligious, if not improper, disappeared. A strong, earnest and able man who had thus had his angles softened and his capacity as a distinguished judge increased to its full, is one which a community has every reason to lose with the sincerest possible regret. He had still in him, in the ordinary expectancy of life, at least twelve or fifteen years of as able work as could be hoped from any man on the Bench of Canada, and it seems an individual loss to each member of the community that he should be so suddenly taken away. Canada has reason to prize its judiciary, and in probably no country in the world is a greater respect

the United States army he might have died quite early in his career. We are apt to die any time. Those who understand life best, I think, are those who teach that it does not very much matter so long as while we live we contribute as much to the happiness and as little to the misery of other people as possible.

Again, with regard to all this clamor against methods taken by college students to bring young fellows into line, is our jury system very much better than the doings in a college which feels itself fairly equal to bring the delinquent student up to the standard which has been created by a college community, and which has been rarely ignored except by those who are unworthy to receive the distinction of graduation? Ordinarily we accept twelve jurors as being competent to decide whether a man should remain alive or be hanged. Why should not fifty or a hundred or two hundred students, who are embryo men, be sufficient jurors to decide the question of whether a man should or should not survive in an institution where war is being taught, and the ability to understand and to undertake responsibilities is the chief thing? However, as spanking has been abolished from the Yankee nursery, hazing has been forbidden in the National military academy.

SEVERAL weeks ago attention was called on this page to the fact that the motion of Mrs. Carrie Nation, of the W.C.T.U. of Kansas, for the "destruction of saloons," was being considered by the Executive Committee at Topeka, and had been endorsed by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon. It seemed to be an extraordinary attitude for a party dominant in politics and all the moral movements in that State, to take, yet to such an extent has the Crusade gone that nothing seems too radical for it to undertake. It now appears that Mrs. Nation has been in jail in Wichita, Kansas, for nearly a month, for carrying her plans of smashing saloon fixtures into operation. Finally the county attorney had the woman set at liberty, saying in justification of his action, "The defendant labors under a delusion to such an extent as to be irresponsible. Further confinement in jail would not improve her condition of mind." No sooner is she out than she again proceeds to smash up bars, and even slaps the face of the sheriff who goes to arrest her. Taken altogether, this is rather a strange mix-up. If she is of unsound mind she is hardly the proper person to lead the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of a large and populous State, and to be endorsed by the leading organizations and churches which have the temperance movement at heart. Surely nothing but a degradation of the whole movement can result from such an extraordinary and unlawful programme, whether the leaders of it are either sane or mad.

WHAT has already been the general result to law and order in Kansas? They have burned a negro for attempting an unmentionable crime which not a direct result, of course, but it is a significant episode—had a white woman for a victim. Hitherto such terrible outbursts of indignation were in the Southern States, but this time it was in Kansas—Bleeding Kansas—the State which really precipitated the Civil War in the United States owing to its objection to being included in the slave section. According to the press reports, eight thousand people watched the burning of this miserable wretch, who protested his innocence with his last breath. Leavenworth is a university city, and the seat of that peculiar culture which Kansas has made its own. But a few weeks ago Mrs. Nation was proclaiming in the same locality the advisability of burning or destroying all saloons. The same impulse which actuates people in one extremity appears to prevail amongst those who have different ends to serve. The intolerance which proclaims the propriety of breaking laws in order that prohibition may prevail having been admitted, we can quite easily see how popular passion has worked the same numerals to prove that an offence against a white woman committed by a negro must be punished at the stake. One would think that Kansas had passed through a sufficient experience to demonstrate that civil authority ought to rule, and that any breaking of the law is certain to result in disaster. However, this is not the case. Saloons may be destroyed with impunity, niggers may be burned. Who or what will be the next? Were the death-at-the-stake advocates suffering from "delusion"? Did Rev. Mr. Sheldon endorse the crime of the mob as he did that of Mrs. Nation?

THE London "Outlook," an influential British journal, somewhat sternly chides those super-loyal friends of the Dominion Premier for continually urging him to accept embarrassments and responsibilities which are extraneous to his office and could do him no possible good. The paper in question says:

"It is safe to say that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has no sympathy with the suggestion that has come from Canada this week with much drum-beating that he should act as mediator between Britain and Boer, and end by arbitration the present struggle in South Africa. The day for arbitration passed long ago, and neither Sir Wilfrid Laurier nor any living man, however well equipped, could exact better terms for the conquered than British statesmen are waiting to accord. The war can cease in one way only—in submission. Self-government and such a measure of race-blind freedom as Canada enjoys will then follow just as speedily as the way is clear. Interference in the meanwhile from however well-meaning a quarter is not only futile, it is mischievous."

The "Outlook" may rest satisfied with its own sizing-up of the situation. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not only a busy but a prudent man, and neither he nor his best friends in Canada would for a moment think of having him complicate himself with extraneous questions, particularly of a racial sort.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW, the most handsomely printed thing of its sort I have seen, is a 200-page magazine devoted to the highest class of editorial work of the time. The Canadian edition of this new and overwhelmingly ambitious criticism of public events is being published by George N. Morang & Co., Limited, and should be a success, as it is a luxury which a great many Canadians can afford, yet those who have not yet seen the work cannot appreciate it. The type is large and distinct; even an old fellow can read it without his spectacles. The writers engaged are amongst the greatest men of the time, and the idea of the publication is without doubt that there are enough people in the English-speaking world to pay for the very best there is, no matter how much it costs to get it up. One cannot safely predict success for a monthly magazine which disregards the original element of cost, yet I am convinced that the English-speaking world is large enough to provide subscribers sufficient in number to make "The Monthly Review" a great institution. With our one-cent papers and penny postage we have found the multitude providing for a cost which at one time would have staggered a purveyor of newspapers at sixpence each, or a postmaster-general of the largest ideas. So as the world increases in wealth and the cultured classes become so numerous, there is no reason to doubt that a monthly without regard to expense should find a place. The millions now do not altogether represent the select few. There are millions who were once considered the select few. The Canadian edition of this magazine, I understand, is only to be \$5 a year, while in the United States and Great Britain the price for the same will be \$7.50. In the initial number appear the first chapters of a new story by Anthony Hope.

Made Him Cross.

"But he didn't call you a liar in set terms, did he?" asked the mollifier. "He might as well have done so. He said I had no more regard for the truth than an historical novelist."—New York "Life."



QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Social and Personal.

THE reception given to the colonel of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, his officers and men, at the Parliament Buildings on Saturday evening was the last important affair which interested society hereabouts before the period of seclusion and mourning for Her Majesty's death set in. It was truly a brilliant event, and one to be remembered by its promoters and recipients with feelings of great satisfaction. The women of Toronto are a mighty power when fairly roused, and they were most enthusiastic on this occasion, as, led by the proud mother of that brave soldier, Captain Cockburn, and represented by efficient special and general committees, they carried out a most elegant and recherche reception in an artistic and businesslike manner. Mrs. Cockburn held the first meeting at her home, and a programme was then drawn up and agreed upon, though after-meetings unfortunately missed her inspiring presence, as she was taken ill, but fortunately recovered in time for the Saturday evening gathering. The result of these meetings and the work of the various committees, and other "unattached" workers was crowned with success. The Legislative Assembly Hall, kindly lent by the Premier, was a dream of beauty—wreaths, garlands, colored gems of electricity, scores of smart uniforms, and stunning evening gowns, bright smiles, lovely voices raised in sweetest songs—all these met the "gentlemen in khaki" who stood about the dais and formed an avenue to the entrance during the proceedings. Strapping fellows and good soldiers are they, from the college-bred boy to the hardy artisan, all one in their loyalty and courage. The officers were: Colonel Lessard, Adjutant-Captain Nelles, Lieutenant Irving, son of Aemilius Irving, Q.C., Lieutenant Murray, a son of Mr. W. A. Murray, of Bond street, Sergeant-Major Hall, and some hundred other non-coms, troopers and gunners, the latter of whom were much the subject of inquiry and interest. Mr. Playfair, tall Mr. Burritt, Mr. Douglas Young, the smart son of Colonel D. D. Young, of Stanley Barracks, were some of the young soldiers whose return has brought great happiness to smart circles. On the dais were seated Miss Mowat and Mrs. Fred Mowat, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. George R. R. Cockburn, the convener of the committee, Mrs. D. D. Young, Mrs. Clarence Denison, and Mrs. Robert Myles. Mr. Cockburn spoke for Mrs. Cockburn, who had been quite an invalid for some days, and only attended the reception on account of her great interest in its success. Fortunately, no evil effects were the result of her effort, and she was able on Monday to receive many visitors who came full of congratulations on the success of the very distinguished affair of the previous Saturday. Before the presentation was made a short and very excellent little concert was given. Mrs. Stewart Houston sang a patriotic song. Mr. Drummond delighted the assembly with a selection in his finest voice, and the "bonne bouche," a group of little songs by Madame Graff, of New York, better known here perhaps as Mademoiselle Toronto, were most exquisitely rendered. Mrs. Blight playing the accompaniments to perfection. Madame Graff wore a splendid but not showy gown, richly trimmed and jewelled, and her sweet face and sweeter voice, full of feeling and expression, were applauded to the echo, so that she was obliged to sing again, and gave Denza's May Morning with charming grace and brightness. The presentation to Colonel Lessard of a very rich and beautiful silver punch-bowl, for which the man in khaki returned thanks most feelingly, and the further gifts from our women patriots of Toronto to the officers of loving-cups, and to the troopers and gunners of shields



MRS. G. R. R. COCKBURN.

adorned with bronzes suitably inscribed, were received with cheers and great applause. Mrs. Cockburn was a person of great interest to the soldier men, some of whom were anxious to have a good view of "Captain Cockburn's mother," and to whom she was pointed out by the orderly of the gallant soldier whose absence was the one thing which everyone regretted. Miss Mowat and the other ladies, all in elegant toilettes, came presently down the avenue formed by the soldiers and shook hands with them. Then the Legislative Chamber speedily emptied itself into the huge corridors, where an immense and bountiful buffet was spread, and where smartly-gowned dames waited on

the wives and daughters and mothers of the soldiers, and mingled congratulations with their joy. There were many merry little groups, the ladies of the committee and the Government House party stationed at the west end, and here and there the khaki, and the frou-frou of silk skirts, the sunburnt, laughing "Tommy," and the gentle, high-bred dame listening to some queer tale of the far-off dark continent, or some sad little record of those who came not back again, or peeping into some home happiness which warmed the heart and gave meaning to the handshake of good-night. Among the ladies were Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. William Mackenzie, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Miss Campbell of Carbrook, Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Benjamin, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Osborne, the Misses Denison, Miss Delamere, Mrs. Heaven, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. E. F. R. Johnston, Mrs. and Miss Jones, Miss Scott, Miss Buck, Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. Brock, Miss Ball, Miss Ross, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. and Miss Armstrong, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Mason, and hundreds of others, representative of the womanhood of the Queen City. A picturesque touch was given to the reception by the lines of soldiers stationed up and down the grand stairway and through the main corridor from the main entrance—the scarlet of the Stanley Barracks men and the dark blue and white of the Body Guard being very smart and effective. There was, in fact, an unusual tone about the whole affair, which was noted by observant eyes and admired accordingly. After the guests of the evening had enjoyed the excellent supper, the band of the Governor-General's Body Guard, which played all the evening, and the soldiers on duty were regaled with a like repast. The Premier made a delightful speech. The Mayor also charmed his hearers by the presentation speech which he delivered so impressively. The east end apartments were devoted to the lady guests of the evening, and there were many delft maids in natty caps set with red, white and blue ribbons, given by Major Murray, to wait upon the huge crowd of smart women whose hearts were in the success of the evening.

Major George Stimson has resigned his commission in the Halifax garrison and has returned to Toronto, where he is welcomed back with a pleasure only second to that attending the return of the warriors from further lands.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, of Cona Lodge, have gone to the Welland, St. Catharines, for a week, for Mr. Macdonald's health. Mr. Macdonald was able to go out for a few moments on Wednesday, and no doubt the change and baths will complete his cure.

Lady Howland is one of the convalescents from la grippe. Mr. and Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. Herbert Cawthra went down to Montreal last week. Miss Atkinson is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Douglas, in Montreal. Mrs. MacMahon has been much welcomed back to society by her friends, who missed her greatly during her illness. Mr. Harry Totten is in Grace Hospital with a bad attack of rheumatism. Mr. Harold Minet has gone to Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson are boarding at 55 Grenville street.

Will any lady or gentleman who has curios, pictures, or anything of interest from South America or Mexico, and who is willing to loan them for the missionary exhibition to be held in the Assembly Hall, Confederation Life Building, on February 4th, kindly send a postcard to Mrs. S. Trees, 399 Sherbourne street? The aim of the exhibition is to show forth by a collection of curios, some of the customs and religion of heathen nations, and the great silent appeal their condition makes to the Christian Church.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Massey, of London Eng., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. H. Massey, Jarvis street. Dr. Theobald Coleman and Mr. Ed. Coleman left on Saturday for Copper Cliff, Sudbury. Mrs. Coleman and her sweet little daughter Kathleen leave to-day, I am told, to join the doctor. Mrs. Coleman, who is so dear to thousands of readers as "Kit," will continue her literary work in her columns.

Among the many reminiscences of the lamented Queen-Empress, some of the most interesting are furnished by Professor Goldwin Smith. The Sage of the Grange was an Eton boy when the Queen was crowned, and ran behind her carriage from Eton to Windsor. Dr. Goldwin Smith was one of the professors who had the care of the course of studies of King Edward the Seventh, when he was at Christ Church College, Oxford, and the learned doctor has a letter from the Royal father and mother of the student acknowledging the excellent wisdom and faithfulness shown by the tutor of the heir-apparent.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Drynan have taken up their residence at 74 Lowther avenue, where Mrs. Drynan receives on Fridays.

Mrs. Frederick Campbell and Mrs. George Blaikie returned last week from a visit to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Coates, in Ottawa.

I hear that ex-Inspector Don. Howard, N.W.M.P., son of Mr. Allan McLean Howard, who has been doing hard fighting as captain with the Strathconas, has got his step, and that we shall greet him as Major when he reaches Canada. The Strathconas' horses are on the way home direct, but the men are to go via England. Donny Howard's many warm friends both here and in the Mounted Police of the far North-West are delighted to hear of his advancement, and will greet him with much pleasure.

Toronto friends have received touching acknowledgments from Mrs. Clifford-Sutton of sympathy sent her in her bereavement. Mrs. Clifford-Sutton is with her parents, Justice and Madame Routhier. I hear Mrs. MacMahon intends to ask her to stop with her, if Mrs. Clifford-Sutton is obliged to come to Toronto on business later on. Judge and Mrs. MacMahon were kindest friends to the dear little wife when she was left behind to arrange her affairs on her brave husband's sudden call to South Africa, and it was to their lovely home she went for the few days before going to her parents in Quebec. She is bearing her bereavement bravely, surrounded by loving friends, and upheld by her own true and noble womanhood.

Mr. D. R. Wilkie gave a retiring dinner to the Council, Past Presidents and Vice-presidents who are still members of the Board of Trade, at the Toronto Club last Saturday night. Mr. Wilkie made a splendid speech, and the dinner was a great success.

Lieutenant Elmsley's friends are glad to hear good news of his health. Messrs. F. N. Waldie, C. P. Waldie, of Rosedale, and S. D. Marlatt, of Oakville, have sailed for Naples on a visit of some months to Southern Europe.

Mrs. Palmer, who has been ill, is now quite better. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lee have been stopping in New York. Miss Rosamund Fuller is visiting in Montreal. On Saturday last the R. and O. Navigation Company launched their new steamer, which was christened by Mrs. J. K. Osborne, the Kingston. A large crowd witnessed the launch, which was most successful. The Toronto has now a rival in her queenship over the magnificent waterway.

As a Highland regiment was going into battle, a soldier under fire for the first time called to a veteran in the front rank, "Dinna bob, Geordie! I'm ahint ye."

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Two Crape Gloves, in all colors, \$1.00 and \$1.25. Derby Walking Gloves. Mocha Gloves, lined and unlined. Evening Gloves in all the newest shadings and tints. Men's Gloves a specialty.

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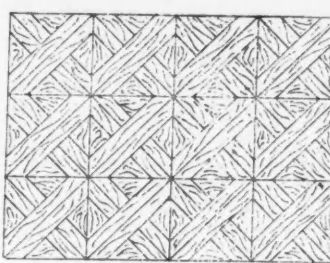
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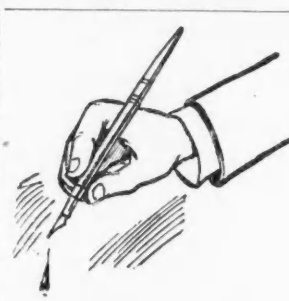
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The finest goods known in the sphere of linen manufacturers. Those acquainted with our qualities will not require a second purchase bidding.

Table Napkins and Cloths

5.00 Qualities for \$4.00		
5.50	"	4.50
6.50	"	4.75
7.50	"	6.00
8.50	"	6.50
9.50	"	7.75
10.00	"	8.00
12.00	"	8.75
13.00	"	10.25
14.00	"	11.00
15.00	"	12.25
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Afternoon Tea
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Social and Personal.

The second Grenadiers' Dance was held last week at the Pavilion and Friday night saw the usual smart crowd filling the ballroom, where the Yacht Club white and pink decorations still beautified the walls and weapons of war, drums and other martial conceits took the place of the nautical emblems of the previous week. The stage ceiling was a continuation of the pink and white flutings of the main hall, and instead of promenade deck and cabin was a drawing-room, set with many huge and cosy chairs and tete-a-tete sofas. The guests were on hand at an extra early hour, most of the young contingent arriving at half-past eight, and Colonel and Mrs. Bruce had their hands full welcoming the crowd of anticipative dancers, who never seem to tire of their pet pastime. Captain Armstrong, the honorary secretary, was also most kind and attentive, as were all the officers of the crack corps giving the dance. Captain Gooderham, who has worked so splendidly for its success in bygone seasons, was also present. Miss Mowat arrived about half-past nine, and the quadrille d'honneur was soon arranged, those taking part being Colonel Bruce and Miss Mowat, Colonel Otter and Mrs. Bruce, Colonel Delmore and Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Colonel Young and Mrs. G. H. Goolerham, Major Myles and Mrs. Ross, Colonel Ryerson and Miss Mildred Cumberland, Major Stimson and Miss Delmore. Several dinner parties were the reason of a tardy appearance of many of the smartest guests. Miss Mowat wore white satin, with Brussels lace, and pink roses. Mrs. Bruce wore a very dainty white brocade dress, with jupe of accordion-pleated chiffon, and pearl passementerie "en berthe." Mrs. Ryerson wore shell-pink satin, with white lace. Mrs. Ross was in a rich black gown. Mrs. J. K. Osborne wore a delicate heliotrope gown, trimmed with white lace applications and sable tails. Miss Stratford, her niece, was in pale blue brocade and chiffon, and a pink rose in her hair. Mrs. George of Maple avenue had a dinner party, the twelve guests coming to the ball. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw were of this happy group, with a quartette of unmarried folks. Mr. Barlow Cumberland brought his fair debutante daughter, Mildred, granddaughter of the first Colonel of the Royal Grenadiers (then 10th Royals), Colonel Cumberland. Mrs. Herbert Kent and her young bridegroom were among the guests, the bride very much admired in her airy gown of lace and accordion-pleated chiffon, with a very smart train. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne had a dinner party of sixteen covers, and with their guests afterwards enjoyed the ball. Miss Osler of Craigleith, in pink mousseline and lace, brought Miss Cassils of Montreal. Mrs. Gordon Osler's guest, a charming girl in white, with an exquisite bouquet of mauve orchids, was by many chosen as the belle. A very smart young matron was Mrs. Cecil Lee, in a black paillette frock. Mrs. Harry Black was in black lace over white satin. Mrs. A. D. Stewart wore black. Her elder daughter, Miss Graeme Stewart, wore white, touched with yellow. Miss Melvin-Jones wore a black sequined gown, very becoming and smart. Miss Helen Armstrong wore a black frock. Mrs. Robert Smith wore black, with some rich lace and handsome jet. Miss Margaret Thompson, a remarkably fine-looking girl, with the rare complexion of old Scotia, was much admired in pure white. Mrs. Douglas wore a stunning princess gown of white satin, with lattice trimmings of white chenille on the corsage. Miss Nettie Barwick was very pretty and bright in her debutante white gown, with white flowers. Miss Beatrice Sullivan wore a very smart white gown. Mrs. Armstrong wore a very rich pearl brocade, handsomely trimmed with lace and passementerie. Miss Ravenshaw wore blue brocade and exquisite lace bertha and sleeves. Miss Lawrence wore lavender satin. Miss Monahan wore white, and Miss Daisy Monahan vivid red. Miss Perrin was a pretty East Side dancer. Miss Hughes and her sister are always the most graceful possible dancers. Miss Pearson wore a dainty white gown. The music was a distinct improvement upon last time, the waltzes and two-steps being excellent. The pipers played for the Scotch dances, in which I don't think so many took part as was expected. The supper was quite elaborate, and the table of honor, as well as all the smaller tables, very prettily lit and appropriately decorated. The number of guests was just right, for comfort, the floor in perfect order, and every detail carefully carried out by the able hosts.

One of the most delightful dances of the season was given in Arthur last Friday evening by Registrar and Mrs. Anderson, in honor of their guest, Miss Gladys Merton of Oshawa. Rose-cra never looked prettier. The artistic arrangement of the decorations, with the elaborate gowns of the ladies, produced quite a charming effect. The ballroom, reception-room and hall were entirely reserved for the dancers, who numbered about one hundred. From small tables in a most delightfully cosy room upstairs a very dainty supper was served all evening. Among those present from a distance were Mrs. James McMullen, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. McMullen, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Miss Halsted, Miss Clapp, Miss Smith, Mr. Scott, Mr. Martin and Mr. McMullen, from Mount Forest; Dr. and Mrs. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Aiken, Miss Bell Tuck, Miss Kate Tuck, Miss Morley Henry, Miss Jennie Irwin, Mr. Walter Henry, Mr. Bowles, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Kirkwood and Mr. Bowles, Orangeville; Mr. and Mrs. Watt, Miss Morrow, Miss Marshall, Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Black, Miss Flo Black, Miss Craig, Mr. McCrimmon, Mr. Powell, Mr. Pattison, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Crozier and Mr. Morrow, Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Malloy, Mrs. White, Mr. Johnston and Mr. C. Mallory, Drayton; Dr. Campbell and Mr. Bastedo, Grand Valley; Mr. Merton, Hamilton; Mr. Rae and Mr. Cassels, Toronto; Miss Mills, London.

Miss Blanche Cobban of Westmount and Mr. D. F. Laurie of 990 Dorchester street, Montreal, son of Mrs. John Laurie, are being everywhere congratulated upon their engagement. Mr. Laurie has several relatives in Toronto, Mrs. Laurie being a step-sister of

Adjutant Windeyer, and always a welcome visitor with her charming family.

The very sudden bereavement which has fallen on the loving family circle of the late Mr. Justice Rose, in his sad and unexpected death from heart-failure, following on pleurisy, last Saturday, has awakened the warmest sympathies of all their friends. The late gentleman was so highly respected, both in legal and social circles, so charming a companion and so just and wise a judge, that his loss is irreparable. Less than a fortnight before his death his stirring, patriotic words at the Bar Dinner thrilled those who heard them. A cold, contracted, I am told, after that function, and fastening remorselessly upon a tired system, was the sad cause of his death. At the funeral, which, though announced to be private, was attended by a large concourse of personal friends, the mourners were Mr. Hugh Rose, only son of the late judge; Rev. S. P. Rose, D.B., of Ottawa, a brother; Mr. J. H. Macdonald and Mr. F. Byrne, brothers-in-law; Mr. S. C. Macdonald and Mr. E. Byrne, nephews. Mr. J. L. Capreol and Mr. Frank Ford represented the Ontario Cabinet. The pallbearers were Sir William Meredith, Chief Justice of Ontario, Justice Osler, Justice Moss, Justice Lister, Mr. G. F. Shepley and Mr. Wallace Nesbitt. Judge Rose was a Canadian born and bred, a man of whom any country might well be proud.

Mrs. Graham of Buffalo, who has been visiting at the Arlington for some weeks, returned home a Wednesday.

Mrs. J. K. Macdonald gave a very large reception on Saturday afternoon in the Confederation Life Assembly Hall, in honor of her son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, of Chestnut Park. Mr. Macdonald was so ill with grippe that he was unable to take his part in welcoming the guests, a duty which he is eminently apt at performing in the kindest manner. However, the cordial hand-clasp of the amiable hostess and her genial smile made all feel themselves more than welcome, and the great expanse of the southern end of the Hall which was richly strewn with rugs, was soon crowded, the guests by degrees encroaching upon the lovely shining dancing floor, over which the young folks were very soon gliding. Mrs. Macdonald received in a handsome gown of white brocade, with feather hat; the charming, bright-eyed bride was in a soft, dainty dress of crepe and lace applique, touched with gold. She looked very sweet and happy beside the handsome groom, who acknowledged his friends' congratulations and evidently thought them quite less than the prize of a bonnie wife deserved. Miss Macdonald and her guest, Miss McCall of Simcoe, were two pleasant hostesses further on, and directed the cavaliers to the tea-room with their fair charges, until the long room was filled with a smart crowd. The long buffet was beautifully done in meteor red and touches of green; high vases of deep red roses and carnations were at intervals, while cakes, bonbons, and so on, were in the favorite red and white. An excellent orchestra was stationed at the south end of the ballroom, and played continually. Among the guests were the Premier and Mrs. Ross, Miss Ross, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Mr. Arto Hardy, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Rev. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Black, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold, Miss Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Bessie Bethune, His Worship the Mayor, Mrs. and Miss Cross, Miss Wardrop, Mrs. and Miss Gyp Armstrong, Mrs. and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mr. Gordon and the Misses Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Miss Jennings, Mademoiselle Toronto, Mrs. and the Misses Heaven, Dr. and Mrs. Parkin and Miss Parkin, Professor and Mrs. Vander Smissem and Miss Vander Smissem, Mr. and Mrs. Strathay, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Deni-

In the Train Of La Grippe

Follow Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Consumption, and Frequently Nervous and Constitutional Diseases of the Most Serious Nature.

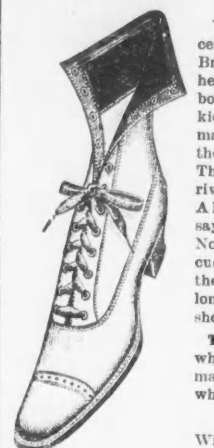
It is after la grippe is over that the greatest danger is often met. If Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is used as soon as the symptoms of la grippe appear, it promptly and thoroughly loosens the cough, soothes and heals the inflamed and irritated air passages and prevents the much-dreaded pneumonia and consumption. It is well known to the medical profession, as well as to the public generally, that there is no more effective treatment for la grippe in existence than Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. For this reason it is almost impossible for the manufacturers to supply the demand for this remedy during the present epidemic.

But Dr. Chase also has something for people who slowly recover from the weakened and depressed condition in which la grippe so frequently leaves its victims. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is admirably adapted for this purpose, since it is above all else a restorative and blood-builder.

The after-effects of la grippe are what the doctors most dread. The patient is left in a debilitated state, with nothing to build on and no power to resist pneumonia or consumption. Something is needed to put new vigor into the body, and the most successful preparation that can be suggested is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

To people who know the value of these two remedies—Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—merely a reminder is necessary. This combination cannot be approached as a treatment for la grippe. The main thing is to act promptly. Begin the treatment at the first signs of disease, and you can rely absolutely on the result being satisfactory. All dealers sell Dr. Chase's remedies. Edmonson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

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We have just received from Gray Bros. of Syracuse a heavy welt sole lace boot, made of patent kid vamps and dull mat kid tops, with the military heel. This is the first arrival of Spring Styles. A little early you may say for Spring Styles. Not at all. Our customers always get the advanced styles long before they are shown elsewhere.

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105 KING STREET WEST
Illustrated Traveling Goods Catalogue, No. 6 S, sent on request.

son, Mr. and the Misses Brock, Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Leo, the Misses Gooderham, the Misses Rowand, Miss Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, Mrs. B. E. and Miss Walker, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. and Miss Scott, Miss Buck, Mrs. Herbert Greene, Mrs. and Miss Madge Davidson, Mrs. Alexander Davidson, Canon and Mrs. Welch, Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. and Miss Sylvester, Judge and Miss Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Mrs. Wylie, Mrs. St. George Baldwin, Mr. and Miss Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Beau Jarvis, Miss McLean Howard, Mrs. Harrison and Miss Justina Harrison.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada will be held in the Westminster Presbyterian Church, 49 Bloor street east, on Tuesday, January 29, at 8 p.m. Reports from the different departments of the work will be presented as follows: The work at the Central Prison, at the Reformatory for Women, at the Toronto Jail, at the Police Court, and the work in connection with the Rescue Home for Girls and in connection with the department of Prison Reform. All friends of the cause are earnestly requested to attend.

Owing to the death of Her Majesty the Queen the dinner party at Government House which was arranged to be held last night in honor of Colonel Lessard and other officers of the second contingent who returned by the Roslyn Castle, was postponed. All other social engagements heretofore made on the part of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor or Miss Mowat have been cancelled until the official period of mourning expires.

Mrs. J. M. Livingston (nee Welton) will receive on Monday afternoon, January 28, and afterwards on the second and fourth Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson, College street, and Mr. and Mrs. R. S.

MacUrquhart's Worcester Sauce.

It has the rich ripeness and the full "body" that gives it character. It should not be classed for a moment with the thin, watery, flavorless table sauces that are commonly sold as "best."

A very little of it goes a great way and makes it economical for the family table, the club or the hotel. Best grocers sell it everywhere.

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"It is a Fownes"

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Fronts, Bangs, Chignons, Pin Curls, Ladies' and Gents' Wigs and Toupees, all ready made or made to order on shortest notice. Perfect fit, natural in appearance and reasonable prices. Armand's Patent self-fastening switches are the most natural and most serviceable switches in the market. No stem, no cord, no string or elastic. They fasten themselves around a lady's hair. Fashionable Hair Dressing for Soirees, Balls, Theaters, etc. Ladies' and Children's Hair Trimmed, Singed and Shampooed. Electric Hair and Scalp Treatment—system Dr. R. Sabouraud of Paris (France). Simple and most efficacious in all cases of falling out of the hair, or partial baldness, caused by disease called "Alopecia Areata."

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Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated, by an expert chiropodist. L. A. Stackhouse, 134 King Street West, opposite Rossin House, Toronto. Tel. 1882

Wilson, West Bloor street, left this week for St. Augustine and Palm Beach, Florida.

Mr. E. Tiffin left last night for Moncton, N.B., to assume the position of general traffic manager of the Intercolonial Railway. Mrs. and Miss Tiffin will remain at 170 Isabella street until May or June, when they will join Mr. Tiffin at Moncton.

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A Night in the Teepee of a Blackfoot

The Experience of a Plainsman Lost in a Blizzard and Dogged by a Wolf.

By J. McCaig, M.A., L.L.B., Lethbridge.

ELL me about some of the times you had hunting in the old days, Louis.

I liked to listen to Louis Duval talk. His language was picturesque, original and terse, after the fashion of the Westerner who has been much alone. His experiences, too, were novel. I liked to hear him all the more because he didn't talk much or often. The sincerity of men's speech seems to vary inversely as its volume. Louis only favored old friends. Rheumatism had done some work with him. A hunter and trapper all his days, he had in the end to leave the timber and open benches for the din of the settlements. The boys bought his tobacco and fruit and knick-knacks, without making him feel that they were helping him along at all. His sustenance was fairly sure without his independence being sacrificed, for there is a sound fellowship in the West that assists a man in any legitimate enterprise that he has the "sand" to inaugurate. There is no place more Western than McLeod in this respect, and when Louis came from the rigors of the Saskatchewan to settle under the chinook further south, business prospered with him from the beginning.

"I most forget a good deal about these things, Jimmie, so long ago."

"Ever have any trouble with the Blackfoot at all?"

"None. Allus got along peaceable and quiet with 'em. My misssus was one of 'em, but she died about twenty-four years old. Had a son, Louis, by her. He went back to the tribe after she died and was converted by the missionaries, but whiskey did for him. He's dead, too. I never tell you about the hospitality of the Blackfoot?"

"No. Well, most people do not give them credit for anything but treachery."

Louis paused and took on a retrospective look. I could see that he was far away in both time and space. He gave his tobacco one more chance and started. I thought, too, I could see a gleam of humor in his eye through the flare of the match.

"The Medicine River country always caught me for game. The snow is a bit deep up there, but where there's snow there's timber, and if a man only stalks a couple of moose in a season he's all safe for providin' with a bit of dried fish and plenty of flour, and can give his mind to pickin' up a few good pelts of beaver, otter and such like."

I put me up in the morning, got to Snake Lake about one o'clock, took a good dinner and hit the trail for the other half of my journey that afternoon—a good eighteen or twenty miles. I was headin' sou'west for the river, but with a bad sky in the northeast chasin' me up. It was only about the first of November, and a bit early for a visitin' card; but I hadn't long to wait for business. The same on a stiff and strong behind me—quite a bit of wind and dry, hard snow, which would a' been no joke to be facin'.

I didn't mind the storm or walkin' so much if I hadn't been so far from shelter, for I was out on the open prairie, and there was no camping place nearer than the river. By and by, after the snow had been comin' good for a couple of hours and it was a cold or fourteen inches deep, a west wind set in against the other, and I seemed to be just in the line where the two winds was raisin' hell with each other, and the snow kept comin' just the same. This made it harder pushin' along in the open country. I had a pack that was a fair season's work itself, a couple of traps and my rifle, which seemed to be gettin' heavier as I went on. The timber was not to be seen for the storm, though I felt I had walked pretty good since two o'clock. I was hungry, but kept her going on an empty stomach as far as I could. A fellow generally feels like quittin' after he feeds, so I hold off as long as I could. But as it was getting along about dusk, I rustled up a good meal of dried meat and biscuit, and still felt fairly able for a bit of walkin'.

The wind had quit, but the snow seemed to be comin' down in a sort of quiet, steady way, as if it intended to hold down the job all night. The sight of the trees would have helped me quite a bit, but when there was no sign of anything ahead my legs began to get a bit heavy. I had had some long tramps before and on short rations, but the deep snow without snowshoes was draggin' me down. Lucky enough it wasn't cold, and I wasn't hungry, and I kept pegglin' along the best I could, and I knew if I could reach the timber I was safe. I was headin' due sou'west for the camp, but to shorten the walk I set off a bit west, straight for the river. I wasn't lookin' for any lodge, though there was a chance of one or two Blackfoot teepees any place along the river. Once I could hit the river bottom and get a few twigs going for a cup of tea I knew I was all right. The snow was comin' not quite so heavy, but my rifle and feet were gettin' heavier as I went along. I stopped once for a rest. Maybe I was gettin' a bit drowsy, and when this notion struck me I thought it best to keep rustlin' along. After a bit I seemed to be just walkin' along to save

funeral expenses—kind o' mechanical-like—and I shook myself up, changed my pack, put my rifle over the other arm and took another fresh start. I seemed to be losin' interest in everything except walkin'. There wasn't a livin' thing in sight but a wolf, and he was the quietest wolf I ever saw. He seemed to be circlin' around me, a-holdin' off and a-comin' up turn about. Sometimes he would stand lookin' at me sideways on the right or left, and would disappear for a minute or two. By and by he would be right in front of me, with his head down, lookin' at me like a parson over his specs, and yawnin' like the congregation.

"All at once it occurred to me what he was waitin' and yawnin' for. I swung my rifle round, and was goin' to blow into him not thirty yards ahead, and just as I got my rifle up, down she came again into the snow before I could pull on him. I almost felt over tryin' to shoot, and I came to my senses again. I began to think that maybe I had been going it alone too long and had taken one chance too many, and that the wolf mightn't be disappointed after all. I wasn't sentimental about anyone else. Louis and the misssus was gone, and I was an orphan and only child when I left old Quebec. But I was minded about my old partner, Pierre Lerocque, who went under with the fever up on the North Saskatchewan a matter of sixteen years ago. Pierre came out of the fever before he died, and his chief regret was that he was quittin' so far away from the churches; and I began to think maybe he wasn't so far wrong. For Pierre was a shrewd partner, and I thought it might a' been just as well for me to ha' pulled off the job after he went and get in among the fellows around the settlements. 'We only see the beginning of the trail, Louis,' said he, 'any of us, but praps some of the other fellows see a bit farther on than we do in the timber.' By and by I got thinkin' o' the times Pierre and me used to sit by the fire of a night on the edge of the open prairie, with the woods at the back of us, and talk and smoke, or sometimes sit lookin' at the fire for a couple of hours, and then knock the ashes out of our pipes and turn in without sayin' a word. He was good company, was Pierre."

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asleep as he is awake. I waited a while, and I noticed it was gettin' daylight. I looked around the tent, and saw he was well provided with the tools for both peace and war. The lodge was hung with pipes, ropes and guns, and his blanket was a good one.

"But I was gettin' hungry. I had some notion of gettin' up and cookin' enough for two, but decided it would be more polite to let him do the honors, for the Indians are sticklers on politeness once you have entered their camp. I yawned, but it did no good. At last I gave him a friendly dig with my elbow, not hard enough to give offence, and I sat up to see how he took it. He didn't get up for breakfast, and he found no fault. He was very comfortably stretched out. His war paint was new, and he had all the implements of war and peace right within reach. BUT I HAD STRUCK A DEAD LODGE!

"The tent had been lashed on the outside by other hands than those of the departed Blackfoot.

"The dead lodge, or teepee, is more comfortable and hospitable than the burial scaffolds of earlier times.

"But I didn't stay for breakfast. Louis had finished his story of Blackfoot hospitality.

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THE ROWE CASE.

A "Mail and Empire" Representative Investigates.

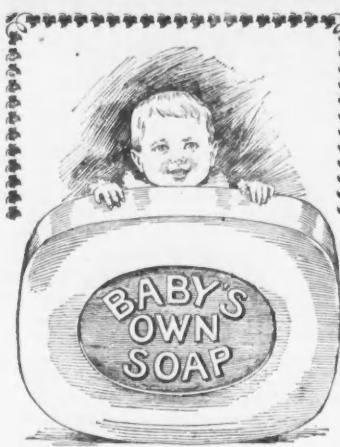
THE PARTICULARS IN FULL.

Consecon Has a Sensation, the Like of Which Has Not Experienced for Years—David Rowe Gives a Written Statement of the Facts of the Case.

From "The Mail and Empire."

Consecon, Jan. 21.—For some time this village and neighborhood has been ringing with the story of David Rowe. Mr. Rowe is a farmer, who has lived on a farm three miles from here all his lifetime, and is known to every man, woman and child for miles around. Some time ago his friends noticed a great change in his physical appearance, and no little comment was made as to the rapidity with which he was falling in health. From a strong, vigorous man he had become a bent and crippled invalid. Recently, however, he has appeared to his friends sturdy and straight, strong and well, and with all his old-time vigor and health. Knowing that such a case would be of great public interest, your correspondent visited Mr. Rowe to get the facts. Mr. Rowe is a modest man of few words, frank, straightforward and truthful. After having introduced myself, he said:

"You need not apologize for visiting me to enquire into this matter. I do not consider it an intrusion at all. I have little to say beyond the fact that, as everybody round here knows, I was bent nearly double with Kidney Trouble, pains in my shoulders, spine, and small of my back. The suffering I endured was something fearful. I had used ten boxes of I was entirely cured, and now, as you see, I am in perfect good health. This is my story. You can print it if you like, as I have nothing to hide, and it may satisfy a good many people who knew of my previous condition to know how I was cured."



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H. & C. Blachford 114 Yonge Street

Curious Bits of News.

Bismarck, the "man of iron," was in his love-letters as sentimental as a poet. Among the names he addressed to his sweetheart were "mon ange," "Angela mia," "my dear heart, my better half, my poor sick kitten, sweetest heart." "Czarna Kotko mila duszo," and similar expressions in half a dozen languages.

How many life insurance agents or men who have been pestered by life insurance agents could explain the origin of the term "tontine policy"? Tontines were originally loans given for life annuities and were invented by Laurence Tont, a Neapolitan. They were first set on foot at Paris to reconcile the people to Cardinal Mazarin's Government, by amusing them with the hope of becoming suddenly rich. Tont died in the Bastille after seven years' imprisonment.

A number of usages hitherto looked upon as Roman Catholic are being adopted from time to time by Protestant churches. "Retreats" and "missions" have long been common in the Episcopal church, as are many other Catholic customs. It is more surprising to hear of the former usage adopted by a Presbyterian church in New York. The "Old First" Presbyterian church in that city has also lately thrown open its doors for meditation and prayer during each week-day. The "Catholic News" tells of a Methodist church in Arcola, Ill., where an "angelus" bell is rung every morning at eleven o'clock "as a signal for each member to cease his or her worldly labors and engage in prayer."

It is stated that experiments with aluminum as a substitute for paper are now under way in France. It is well known that the paper used today in the manufacture of books is not durable. It is now possible to roll aluminum into sheets four-thousandths of an inch in thickness, in which form it weighs less than paper. By use of suitable machinery these sheets can be made even thinner. The metal will not oxidize, is practically fire and water-proof, and is indestructible by the jaws of worms. But what about the cost?

In Oregon they have a strange yarn about a great wild man, known as the "Kangaroo man," who has been the terror of miners and lumbermen for thirty years. Two miners, William Page and John McCollough, recently returned from the interior to a town called Myrtle Point, half dead with terror, and said they had encountered the "Kangaroo man." In form it was a human being, nine feet tall, ruggedly proportioned, but with hideous and malicious looking face. His hair was long and hung down over a low forehead to the eyes. From time to time many miners have gone to the region of the Sixes River to prospect. None of them have ever returned. The "Kangaroo man" got them is what the Oregonians say. It is claimed he has been seen many times. Those who have witnessed his wonderful jumps say that the activity of the animal is beyond reason. He springs to the bottom of a canyon from the top in three leaps with no apparent effort. His track measures nineteen inches. Until his latest appearance he had not been seen for several years and the settlers hoped that he was dead.

The latest fad in charitable entertainments is the "Rummage Sale," which is said to be sweeping over the United States like a cyclone. When it is desired to pay a church debt, or to raise money for any worthy charity, instead of getting up a church fair, a tea, a strawberry party, or theatricals, those interested are asked to contribute something from their house—the attic is usually the place specified—"something you don't want, you know." The result is a room filled with unique "middle-aged" things, nothing old enough to be valuable or new enough to be useful. The contributions include autoharps, art squares, accordeons, alphabetical blocks, artificial flowers, bagpipes, busts, bicycles, books, baby-jumpers, bonnets, canary-cages, coats, chairs, clocks, chaffing-dishes, decanters, dog-baskets, dresses, doorknobs, dress-suits, engravings, egg-beaters, furniture, fiddles, forks, glass, gloves, glass-stoves, ginger-jars, hunting-boots, hour-glasses, hoes, and so on down the alphabet, until a second-hand department store is slowly evolved out of the apparent chaos, with the managers and their friends as saleswomen, and the general public as purchasers. Every rummage sale is bound to be a success, on account of its supreme cheapness, its disproportionate receipts, and because it appeals to two of the most fundamental instincts of the human heart—the instinct for hoarding useless articles, and the primal passion for bargains.

Architect's Food.

Grape-Nuts Turned Into Big Buildings.

The duties of an architect are so multitudinous, looking after the thousand and one details required in the construction of large buildings, that many of them suffer from the constant mental application and require the best of food to keep up their work. The chief draughtsman in the office of R. T. Newberry, architect, at 1227 New York Life Building, Chicago, by name Henry C. Hengels, says:

"After nine months' constant application in the preparation of the necessary plans and details for the large hotel known as the Post Tavern and Hotel Building, at Battle Creek, as well as several other large institutions, I found myself in a very debilitated and dyspeptic condition, and unfit for work."

"Instead of medical treatment, I used Grape-Nuts food in place of the usual breakfast cereals. The first few days gave great encouragement, and after a week's use quite an appreciable improvement manifested itself. Since then daily use has entirely restored the digestive functions to their natural healthy condition, and I have gained about one pound per week. I am now entirely well and strong again, and am able to apply myself to work with more than usual vigor. I consider Grape-Nuts a most valuable food for all brain-workers. The help this food has given me is incalculable."

Her Majesty as an Authoress.

IT is not enough to say that the Queen was an authoress, for everyone can call to mind other occupants of thrones, both in past and in present times, who lay claim to this distinction. But there is this distinction about the Queen's two books—they are not dull; they reveal considerable powers of observation, but above all they reflect clearly, as nothing else could do, the gentleness, the love and the benignity of the late sovereign. It is next to impossible for an ordinary subject to know the character of the Queen without perusing these two volumes.

The first was published upwards of thirty years ago, and bears the following somewhat voluminous title: "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, from 1848 to 1861, to which are prefixed and added Extracts from the same Journal, giving an account of Earlier Visits to Scotland and Towns in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions."

During one of Sir Arthur Helps' official visits to Balmoral Her Majesty allowed him to see several extracts from her Journal. He thought so highly of these that the Queen was finally prevailed upon to give them to him for publication, it being at first intended to issue a hundred copies or so, for circulation among the Royal family. But eventually it was decided to give the volume out to the world at large. "Our Life in the Highlands" was greeted with great enthusiasm. Nothing more was needed to enhance the loyalty of the Queen's subjects everywhere. The simple narrative touched many hearts, and was translated into many languages. Especially did it please Scotsmen. Autographed copies began soon to find their way into the cabinets, not only of princes, but of literary men, for the Queen had always been their friend and patron. Her Majesty presented a copy to Dickens, remarking that the "humblest of writers" would be ashamed to offer it to one of the greatest, but that Sir Arthur Helps had told her it would be valued more coming from her own hands.

The Journal commences in 1842, with a description of a voyage in the North Sea. "We heard to our great distress that we had only gone fifty-eight miles since eight o'clock last night. How annoying and provoking this! We remained on deck all day, lying on sofas; the sea was very rough towards evening, and I was very ill. We reached Flamborough Head, on the Yorkshire coast, by half-past five."

"The impression Edinburgh has made upon us is very great; it is quite beautiful, totally unlike anything else I have seen; and what is even more, Albert, who has seen so much, says it is unlike anything he ever saw; it is so regular, everything built of massive stone; there is not a brick to be seen anywhere. . . . The country and people have quite a different character from England and the English. The old women wear loose caps, and all the children and girls are bare-footed. I saw several handsome girls and children with long hair; indeed, all the poor girls from sixteen to seventeen down to two or three years of age have loose, flowing hair, a great deal of it red. . . . Albert says that many of the people look like Germans."

"At breakfast," continues the Queen, "I tasted the oatmeal porridge, which I think very good, and also some of the 'Pinnin' haddies.' . . . The view from the batteries is splendid, like a panorama in extent. We saw from these Heriot's Hospital, a beautiful old building, built in the time of James, by a jeweler, whom Sir Walter Scott has made famous in his 'Fortunes of Nigel.' After this we got again into the carriages and proceeded in the same way as before, the pressure of the crowd being really quite alarming; and both I and Albert were quite terrified for the Archer's Guard, who had very hard work of it, by reason of the great numbers. We reached Dalmeny Lord Rosebery's, at two o'clock. The park is beautiful with trees growing down to the sea. The house is quite modern. Lord Rosebery built it, and it is very pretty and comfortable. We lunched there. The Roseberys were all civility and attention. . . . From thence we went to Dalhousie, Lord Dalhousie said there had been no British sovereign there since Henry IV."

"A curious old book was brought to us from Perth, in which the last signatures are those of James I. (of England), and of Charles I. and we were asked to write our names in it, and we did so."

Probably few Sundays in the Victorian era have passed without finding the Queen in her usual place in church or chapel. Speaking of a sermon preached in the Highlands, Her Majesty says:

"The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night—St. John, chap. iii. Mr. McLeod showed in the sermon how we all tried to please self and live for that, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live. The prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying after his mention of us, 'Bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat."

The deep interest the Queen has always taken in the welfare of her people and Empire is amply shown in the following extract: "Sébastopol is in the hands of the allies. God be praised for it. Our delight was great; but we could hardly believe the good news, and from having so long, so anxiously expected it, one could not realize the actual fact. Albert said they should go at once and light the bonfire which had been prepared when the fall report of the fall of the town arrived last year, and had remained ever since, waiting to be lit. On November 5, the day of the battle of Inkermann, the wind upset it, strange to say, and now again, most strangely, it only seemed to wait for our return to be lit."

And, here in her own words is Her Majesty's opinion of Balmoral, as written just forty years ago: "Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now that all has become my dearest Albert's own creation, his own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne, and his great taste and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year."

In 1883 appeared a continuation of "Our Life in the Highlands," brought nearly up to date, entitled "More Leaves from the Journal."

Referring to a journey by train, Her Majesty says: "There was a most excited station-master who would not leave the crowd of poor country people in quiet, but told them to cheer and 'cheer again,' 'another cheer,' etc., without ceasing."

One can easily imagine the situation.

"We drove beyond the habitations to a turn where we could not be overlooked, and scrambled up a bank where we seated ourselves, and at twenty minutes to three took our luncheon with good appetite. . . . An old man, very tattered, passed where I was sketching, and I asked the Duchess of Roxburgh to speak to him; he seemed strange, said he had come from America, and was going to England, and thought Tarridon very ugly! . . . I thought I never saw a lovelier and more romantic spot as one which told



Stag shot by the Prince Consort. Sketched by the Queen.

its history so well. What a scene it must have been in 1745! And here was I, the descendant of the Stuarts and of the very King whom Prince Charlie sought to overthrow, sitting and walking about quite privately and peacefully."

Another passage plainly tells that a war in any part of the British Empire meant something more to the Queen than a mere event in history.

"I received a telegram in cypher," writes Her Majesty, "from Sir John McNeill marked 'very secret,' saying that it was 'determined to attack the enemy with a very large force on Wednesday.' How anxious this made us God only knows; and yet this long delay had also made us very anxious."

My thoughts were entirely fixed on Egypt and the coming battle. My nerves were strained to such a pitch by the intensity of my anxiety and suspense that they seemed to feel as though they were all alive. . . . On coming in got a telegram, saying, 'A great victory; Duke safe and well.' The excitement is very great. Felt unbounded joy and gratitude for God's great goodness and mercy."

Such, then, is a brief review of a book written by the Queen in the earlier and later portions of her reign. Its simple style and diction, the pathetic touches here and there render it even eloquent, and prove that its author before being a Queen was a woman. But it is impossible to do it justice in the space at our disposal; it should be read in its entirety. That way only British subjects know their late Sovereign as she really was.

Make Life Miserable.

It's the Little Things That Do So.

How frequently you hear people complain of "only a slight case of piles," often claiming that the trouble is merely temporary, induced by costiveness, or sedentary habits.

It may be some satisfaction to console yourself in this way, but it is much better to check the trouble at once. You can't do it too soon. In time these little real tumors will grow from the size of a grape seed, until a knot of them results as large as pigeon's eggs.

These become inflamed and tender to the touch, and causing itching, stinging and throbbing pain.

Thus the disease continues from bad to worse, until the patient can bear the annoyance no longer.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is a perfectly safe and certain cure for piles in any of these stages. It goes to the very source of the trouble and drives out all inflammation, causing the tumors to subside and the membranes to resume their normal healthy condition.

Piles lead to too many complications to trifle with every remedy that comes along. People have found it pays to use a standard remedy like the Pyramid Pile Cure, which for ten years has been tested in thousands of cases.

Physicians use the Pyramid Pile Cure in preference to surgical operations, because they know it contains no cocaine, morphine or poisonous drug, and because it is no longer an experiment.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is in suppository form, to be used at night, and causes no detention from business, is painless, and costs but 50 cents at any drug store in the United States and Canada.

Gaining the Ear of an Afternoon Tea.

THIS is the season of afternoon teas, a form of entertainment, which everyone abuses.

Yet, such social entertainments, remarks the San Francisco "Argonaut," seem to be slowly resolving themselves into weak tea—or teas—for even the comparatively mild form of dissipation known as the afternoon tea is being diluted and divided into a number of separate afternoons. Thus the number of guests is spread out thin, like nursery bread and butter—"attenuated," as the homeopaths would say—and the teas are made more tepid, if not the tea.

Whether this be an unmixed evil or no, only hardened tea-goers can tell. Even those addicted to tea-going do, at times, we are told, bemoan their fatal habit, bewail their unhappy lot. They deplore with tearful and tearful eloquence their eyes swimming with tears, their systems swimming with tea—the sorrows of the tea-goer; the gallons of tea they are obliged to im-

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bite; the deadly cakes and indigestible sandwiches which they consume; the ruin of their dinners; the wrecking of their nerves, not only by the clatter of tea, but by the clatter of tea-things, and the clang and clash of tongues and babel of contending feminine voices. For it seems to be an unwritten law at teas that all the tea-goers shall talk in different keys, talk at the tops of their voices, and talk at the same time.

Another grievance of the habitual tea-goer is that the other tea-goers never listen to what she has to say. The emotions of a mere man at one of these peculiar functions, when interrupted in the middle of a sentence, as he continually is—are not unlike the feeling experienced when one is suddenly switched off while talking through a telephone. A chronic tea-goer—we will call her Mrs. Tannin—irritated at this feminine fashion of heedlessness at teas, determined last week to make the other tea-goers pay attention to what she said. She secretly vowed that they should not only hear but listen to her. She carefully memorized a striking sentence, of which her conversation should consist entirely. When she went to a tea that afternoon she tried it on her hostess, who thus saluted her:

"Why, Mrs. Tannin, how do you do? It is ages since I have seen you!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Tannin, "I'm so glad to see you. How well you are looking. I killed my husband this morning and his body is now—"

But the hostess did not hear. She was gazing toward the door with a far-away look, and repeating mechanically:

"Thanks very much. So good of you to come. Don't mention it. Are you really? Not at all. Thanks awfully. How very nice."

The murderess moved on. With the next acquaintance whom she met Mrs. Tannin only got as far as "I killed my husband this morning—". At that moment the look of intelligence slowly faded out of her friend's eyes, and Mrs. Tannin saw that she was not listening. The murderess recited her dreadful tale to half a score of ladies, all of whom received it with beaming smiles, with frank hand-clasps—yet each of them had the same strange, far-away look as they gazed over the murderess's shoulder at the new-comers.

Suddenly all the heads in the room pointed in a certain direction, and there was a perceptible hush in the shrieks, screams, and giggles which make up conversation at afternoon tea.

It was A Man.

A lane was formed, and up the lane walked The Man. He bent respectfully over his hostess's hand. He turned from her, and caught the eye of the murderess. Another lane was formed, and down the lane walked The Man. He took Mrs. Tannin's hand and greeted her warmly. The presence of The Man had caused a hush in the torrent of talk. But her dreadful vow hung over her. Looking at him, she repeated mechanically her shibboleth:

"Why how do you do, Mr. Blank. So glad to see you. I killed my husband this morning, and his body is now lying in the bathroom, bathed in gore."

A chorus of screams broke forth from the listening ladies—screams of astonishment, of consternation, and of horror. True, the presence of A Man had been necessary to bring it about, but Mrs. Tannin had gained the ear of an afternoon tea.

One Exception.

Grigsley (after offering his box to Wilkins, and both having lighted their cigars): I like to be back in an easy chair like this, Wilkins, and forget the

cares of the day. What a solace a good cigar is! See that! How pleasing life looks through an azure cloud of Havana! We've nothing to complain of, I should say, Wilkins. Wilkins: Nothing, unless it is the cigars.

Buried Thoughts.

How often does the chopper of some stone.

While toiling at his task of heave and shock,

Find in the heart-space of a severed rock

The impress of some fern that once had grown,

Full of aspiring life and color-tone,

Deep in the forest where the shadows flock.

Till caught within the adamantine block.

It lay for ages hidden and unknown!

So many a beautiful thought blooms in the mind,

But, unexpressed, droops down into the soul

And lies unuttered in the silence there

Until some opener of the soul shall find

That fern-like, fossilized dream, complete and whole.

And marvel at its beauty past compare!

—Alfred S. Donaldson in the "Outlook."

Predestination.

Shade—Why didn't you admit that handsome woman? St. Peter—She insisted on bringing in her dog with her, and with Calvin inside it's all I can do to admit children.—Town Topics.

LA GRIPPE!

LA GRIPPE!!

LA GRIPPE!!!

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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TORONTO has been favored with but two of the best of this season's new comic operas—A Royal Rogue (Jefferson de Angelis) and The Monks of Malabar (Francis Wilson). The only other comic opera presented here this winter that would commence to compare with the ones named, was The Princess Chic (Marguerita Sylva), and it had visited Toronto before. Francis Wilson is a name to conjure with, and his popularity was demonstrated in the fact that he played to perhaps the largest houses of the year throughout his three nights' engagement. "Standing room only" was the sign at the Grand continuously through the latter half of last week. And yet it is difficult to say why The Monks of Malabar should have been accorded such a reception. It is fortunate in having an attractive title—a title that is both euphonious and whets one's curiosity. It is certainly novel and unique as to matter and plot, and it was staged with all that extravagant gorgeousness which is appropriate and to be expected in the production of an Oriental story. Outside of these points, Francis Wilson was the whole show. The peculiarly easy-going, unctuous style of fun-making of which he is master, was as delightful as ever. His leading woman, Marie Celeste, was pretty and vivacious. But there was a remarkable dearth of singing voices in the company. And as for the music, there was scarcely a single air that one would care to remember or to hear again. Everyone has given up looking for good music in the new comic operas, but people are entitled to expect at least an occasional air that "sticks." A Royal Rogue, though inferior in many respects to The Monks of Malabar, contained at least a couple of choruses that caught on at once and are whistled in the streets. Nobody will likely hear anything from The Monks of Malabar outside of an opera house. And yet it must be admitted that the piece, as a whole, was entertaining.

A very pretty and interesting show is Bootles' Baby, the four-act comedy drama at the Princess this week. It is a play that always proves a drawing card, and the Valentines' rendering of it was, with one or two exceptions, faultless. Miss Desmonde, who had the misfortune to break her arm last week, appeared this week in a small part with the injured member in a sling. Miss Maynard



SNAPS AT THE PRINCESS THIS WEEK.

as Helen Grace has the same gentle style about her that always calls forth sympathy when she takes the part—as she does this week—of an unfortunate maiden. The management was fortunate in securing the services of a very competent little Mignon in the person of Miss Gladys Smith. In such parts, where juveniles are necessary, we have usually to put up with something very crude and amateurish in the way of acting, but in this case Mignon was all that could be desired.

We have been having a run of good bills at Shea's lately, and this week's programme does great credit to the management, being full of novelty and interest from beginning to end. Staley and "Birbeck" (who, by the way, is Mrs. Staley), have a rapid transformation act that almost takes the breath away. The curtain goes up first showing a village smithy, in which the worthy proprietor and his assistant are each at work repairing a wheel. From these they render some very catchy music of the xylophonic order. An anvil duet follows, and this much in itself might be considered a bright and clever number. Then for a moment all is dark—a little movement—and lo! in the twinkling of an eye the blacksmith-shop and all its paraphernalia is changed to a cosy and comfortable drawing-room, showing Mr. Staley in evening dress at the piano and Mrs. Staley in feminine apparel sitting leisurely in the background. Mrs. Staley then does some clever dancing, which, by the way, might as well have been

omitted. Darkness again—and once more we are confronted with the dingy old blacksmith-shop, same as before. Here the curtain falls, and Mr. and Mrs. Staley step forward almost immediately through an opening in the center of the curtain, arrayed once more in evening attire. The effect of all this simply takes the breath away, and leaves one staring in wonder and perplexity. It is certainly a decided novelty. Eleanor Falk is an energetic young lady who dances and trips about with extraordinary vitality. She is supported by a group of pansies, and the scenic effects are very bright and effective, but Miss Falk's chief attraction lies with her bright smile and her habit of violently winking. Sugimoto's Japs are as clever a group of Orientals as we have ever seen here. S. Goto, who heads the bill, is certainly a wonder, and each of the other numbers is decidedly clever and very interesting. Filson and Errol have a laughable sketch called A House Divided. They are assisted by Harold Godfrey, a young tutor of the Private Secretary type, who is the victim of misunderstandings on both sides, which causes amusing complications. As a female impersonator, Max Waldon is a striking figure, and his changes from one character to another are effected in a surprisingly short time. In one case he appears as a timid maiden of a century ago, and begins to sing. He interrupts his song with a deep masculine note, and the effect is most ludicrous. Elsie Janis is a pretty little impersonator of Cissy Loftus and others, and her juvenile manner is decidedly attractive. Johnnie Johns, the study in black, and Allen Shaw, whose coin manipulations would puzzle the sharpest, go to complete a very interesting and entertaining programme.

Shore Acres, which has already been here many times, is at the Grand the latter half of this week.

The Night Before Christmas, which is being played at the Toronto this week, proved to be a pleasing pastoral comedy. Next week Neil Burgess in The County Fair will be Manager Small's attraction.

Lew Bloom, the realistic tramp who was at Shea's last week, will now look more like a "hobo" than ever. He had his nose broken in a "scrap" on a Toronto street last Saturday night. Mr. Bloom is said to have been acting wholly on the defensive.

Melbourne McDowell, after being dropped from Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune's company, playing Theodora, failed to find an opening, and is said to be stranded in St. Louis without employment and without prospects. His case carries a lesson for every young man, whether on the stage or not.

Albert Brown, who made a hit in Toronto as the Imp in E. E. Rice's When We Were Twenty-one, has severed his connection with Mr. Rice on account of a slight difference of opinion. He is now "looking for a job."

Those who have sat behind, before, beside, or anywhere within earshot of the woman who talks through a play will appreciate these verses from London "Truth":

"I interrupt the newest play
With words propelled like pebbles;
I babble in my boy's bay
In piercing sharps and trebles.

"My accents rise, my accents fall,
In idle nothingness;
I even babble in my stall
'Bout other women's dresses.

"No matter what the stage may show,
Nor though the piece be clever;
Actors may come and actors go—
But I gush on forever!"

However, women are not the only offenders. Some of the most hardened offenders in Toronto at least are men.

Thackeray's The Virginians has been dramatized for at least two theatrical managers, and will probably be produced in New York in the spring season. In one of the versions George Washington is made to play a rather important part, and the manager who owns this particular version is looking for an actor of six foot or more to impersonate the young Virginia planter.

These clever verses, descriptive of how the modern American pastoral drama of the James A. Herne variety is compounded, are from a San Francisco paper:

First read your Hazel Kirke well. Take the best
And mix with The Old Homestead. These digest,
With Tess and Little Emily to add zest.

Now take a farm, in early fall or summer;
A virtuous farmer as your king-pin number,
Flanked by a villain, town bred and a hummer.

And then the son of toil, born to the tillage;
The constable and doctor of the village;
An old maid, sour, with gossip as her pillage;

A sad-eyed heroine, rejoicing in a past;
A gay flirt, caught in Cupid's net at last;
A wise professor, in a strange mold cast

Like Private Secretary, long, lank, and lean;
A chore boy, Chimie Fadden like, but green;
The village choir, oft heard but rarely seen.

A heavy snow fall, like a feathery flock;
A kitchen and a tall grandfather's clock;
A cheery fire, the elements to mock.

Insert a dialect, then your ingredients test—
A local dog for "trying on" is best.
Now call it Way Down—south or north or west.

Not the least offence of the Theatrical Syndicate is to maintain in New York a weekly organ that is grossly offensive in its abuse of every editor, critic, actor and manager who presumes to say or do anything that does not meet with the approval of the ring of Hebrews who con-

trol the drama in America. The paper is one of the most inaccurate and "sloppy" attempts at journalism extant. Its editors cannot spell or punctuate correctly, yet it assumes to be an arbiter in all matters connected with dramatic art and criticism.

A Soldier of the Empire, a romantic drama in five acts from the pen of Howard Hall, will be the attraction for the coming week at the Princess. The play deals with the Napoleonic period, and is a drama abounding in stirring climaxes and situations of marked dramatic intensity. This will be the initial presentation of the play in this city at popular prices, and the Valentine Company will put it before their patrons with a fine regard for perfection of artistic detail. The cast will embrace all of the favorites of the company, including Robert Evans, who has just returned to Toronto after playing a special engagement at St. John, N.B., and the settings will, as in all of the Valentine productions, be everything that could be desired. The manner in which all of the plays at the Princess are staged is an item that has won unstinted praise for the Valentine Company. At the opening performance of A Soldier of the Empire, Monday night, there will be souvenirs of Miss Mary Taylor, one of the cleverest and most painstaking among the ladies of the company.

That merry comedy, At the White Horse Tavern, is due at the Grand Opera House next week, when one of Daniel and Charles Frohman's clever companies will be seen in it. Odd character types, charming love episodes, pretty maidens, beautiful scenery, and a realistic rain storm are some of its features. Frederic Bond heads the company of nearly thirty people. The engagement is for the last three nights of the week.

As is well known, a remarkable hit has been made by the Klaw and Erlanger Opera Company and Jerome Sykes in the new De Koven and Smith opera, Foxy Quiller, at the Broadway Theater, New York, and the various cities in which they have played. Confident that there is a public that desires and will support a clean, artistic musical entertainment, Klaw and Erlanger spent money on this attraction without stint. The hit both the company and the new piece have achieved verifies their judgment as to the public desires. Mr. De Koven has written the score for many operas, but in Foxy Quiller he claims to have eclipsed all his former efforts. Mr. Smith's book is said to be entirely devoid of coarse jest, and in the stage business of the artists, report affirms there is a noisable absence of that horse-play far too often substituted for legitimate comedy. This attraction is booked for an early appearance in this city.

The Dumonds, who style themselves "Parisian street singers," will be one of the leading attractions at Shea's theater next week. This is said to be one of the best musical acts in vaudeville. One of the Dumonds is a violinist of exceptional ability, who will probably please music lovers more than any musical turn ever seen in Shea's theater. May Wentworth, Patti Rosa and Co. have a very laughable sketch, the idea of which is said to be better than the usual "skit" of this sort. Howard's ponies, dogs and monkeys are sure to please both young and old. Rialta is a recently-discovered fire-dancer who has one of the prettiest acts on the stage. James H. Cullen will have new stories and parodies of more than usual merit. Mazur and Mazette have an acrobatic turn which they call The Tramp and the Brakeman. Lozelle, a gymnast; Maude McIntyre, and other good acts will make up the bill.

Notes From the Capital.

THE 7th of February is the date of the opening of Parliament, and it is rumored that there are to be even more visitors than in other years at the Capital for the ceremonies of the first week of the session. Among the distinguished personages in town at present and stopping at the Russell are: Mr. Dunsmuir, Premier of British Columbia; Mrs. and Miss Dunsmuir, and their guest, Miss Peters, daughter of Colonel Peters, who has been stationed at Toronto during the last year. Miss Dunsmuir is a debutante, and has only very recently left boarding school at Brussels. Mr. and Mrs. Dunsmuir have themselves just returned from Europe.

Miss Hay, of Washington, is the latest addition to the house party at Rideau Hall. She is the daughter of Mr. Hay, who was for some years United States Minister at the Court of St. James, and is now Secretary of State for his own country. The house party have been much engaged lately in preparing for the theatricals which were to take place shortly at Rideau Hall. As usual, the pantomime is the work of Captain Graham, A.D.C. At present, owing to the sad news of Her Majesty's death, the theatricals, like every other festivity, have been dropped.

The extreme cold of last week did not deter the votaries of skating from turning up in large numbers at the rink on Friday afternoon, when there was a pleasant tea given in the pretty new tea-room. The hostesses were Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. L. K. Jones, Miss Scott, and Miss Lemoine; and an abundance of fresh and fragrant flowers made their tea-table look most tempting. One or other of these ladies was in the tea-room during the afternoon to do the honors. Lady Minto and Lady Ellen Elliot were among those present, also Lord Dunluce, though he did not skate. Captain Bell was skating, also the Misses Ritchie, Miss Scott, Miss Blair, Miss Bell, Miss and Mr. Lemoine, Mr. W. L. Scott, Mr. Treadgold, Major Taylor, Mrs. R. W. Powell, and many others who can be counted as good skaters. The coolness of the atmosphere, however, made those less energetic find much pleasure in looking on from the windows of the tea-room.

Saturday afternoon the thermometer registered from twelve to fourteen below zero. Most people would have fancied that the weekly skating party at Government House would have been called off, or at least that no one would have ventured down there, where the wind is known to sweep fiercely over the rink. It was by no means called off. There were about fifty or sixty people out, and the entire house party came to enjoy the real Canadian weather. It was a little difficult to distinguish people, for rarely more than the tip of one's nose could be seen. Of course those who skated did not muffle up quite so much,

and every little while one heard cries of "Rub your ears; rub your ears, they are frozen," and the man or woman with the white deathlike ears would make a wild rush for the side of the rink and heroically gather up handfuls of snow to resuscitate the frozen parts. One man who lingered over putting his skates on in the warm room, said with a shiver that he felt as if a cold bath were being prepared for him. Another remarked that going on the rink that day deserved a V.C. However, those who escaped with ears and nose and cheeks untouched, say the skating party was one of the jolliest ever given at Rideau Hall.

One of the teas of last week was a particularly bright one given by Mrs. Cockburn Clemow for her two debutante daughters, and for her guest, Miss Naomi Wilson, of Quebec. The cheery, bright rooms of Mrs. Clemow's pretty house in Slater street were filled with guests between the hours of five and seven on last Friday afternoon. The young ladies who assisted in the tea-room were Miss Lola Powell and Miss Maud Powell, Miss Gwen Grant, Miss Nora Shaw, Miss Minota Isbester, Miss Roma King, and Miss Ethel Jones. The Misses Clemow wore pretty white dresses, and Miss Wilson was in pale blue organdie muslin. On Tuesday of this week Mrs. M. P. Davis was to have been the hostess at a large tea. Her daughter, Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, had sent out cards for an At Home at the Rideau Rink on Monday night, but owing to the Queen's illness it was postponed.

Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, daughter of the Solicitor-General, is in town, and the guest of Mrs. D'Arcy Scott.

The dance which Mrs. King was to have given on Tuesday for her daughter, Miss Roma King, has been indefinitely postponed.

The children's fancy ball which took place at Government House a couple of weeks ago is to be repeated in the Racquet Court on the 1st of February for the benefit of St. Luke's Hospital. I have not heard the arrangements, but suppose that those going to see it will pay for tickets. It is not probable that the children will be obliged to pay, though most of them are most anxious to appear again in costume. Charity balls for hospitals are the fashion here at present. This week on Friday evening there was to have been a calico ball in the Russell for the benefit of the Ottawa General Hospital. It was to be under Vice-Regal patronage. The lady patronesses were Lady Laurier, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. Latchford, Mrs. J. J. McGee, Madame Lavergne, Madame Taillon, Mrs. M. P. Davis, Mrs. John Costigan, Mrs. Roberts Allan, Lady Grant, Mrs. Turner, and Mrs. Fred Booth. Then on the night of St. Valentine's day, the 14th of February, the ladies' auxiliary of the Children's Hospital are giving a ball in the Racquet Court. This is an annual ball, and is always a most successful and well patronized affair. Among the ladies interested in this charitable ball are Mrs. Grant Powell, Mrs. Billings, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Charles Read, Mrs. Henry Ross, Mrs. Gorrell, and Mrs. Roper.

Miss Coates was immensely admired at the dance given by her mother in the Racquet Court last Thursday evening. She is a tall, fair, graceful girl, and her smartly-made gown of turquoise blue panne suited her exactly. Her sisters, Mrs. Blaikie and Mrs. Campbell, of Toronto, both looked very nice. Mrs. Blaikie's gown was cream satin trimmed with old rose point, and Mrs. Campbell wore white satin trimmed with lace and gold embroidery. Mrs. Coates wore black velvet and white lace. It was a remarkably good dance, with a good many "heroes" at it. Some of these, for want of a better, came in suits of khaki. Most of them, all in fact except a few North-Westerns, had been in the Drill Hall earlier in the evening receiving from the gracious hand of the Countess of Minto the handsome souvenir lockets presented to them by the City of Ottawa. Among the recipients of these were three nurses, who looked very neat in their khaki dresses, Colonel Evans and Captain Archie Macdonell were among the men at the ball.

There was everywhere real sorrow in Ottawa over the news that reached here on Sunday concerning the Queen. All festivities were at once called off, even to five o'clock teas, several of which were on the tapis for this week. Nobody regrets these, for nobody feels inclined for amusement or gaiety when there is mourning in the land. Sorrowfully the people heard on Tuesday the tolling of the bells which announced what all dreaded to hear.

AMARYLLIS.

A Poet's Description of the Queen.

Notwithstanding the ridicule heaped upon Alfred Austin and everything he writes, no verses more appreciable by the general taste have been composed on the late Queen than the Poet Laureate's poem on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. It is simple and unpretentious, but it is beautiful. The following extract is appropriate at this time:

The dew was on the summer lawn,
The roses bloomed, the woods were green,
When forth there came, as fresh as dawn,
A maiden with majestic mien.

They girt a crown about her brow,
They placed a sceptre in her hand,
And loud rang out a nation's vow,
"God guard the lady of the land."

And all the goodly days between
Glory and sorrow, love and pain,
The wisely mother, widowed Queen—
The loftiest as the longest reign—

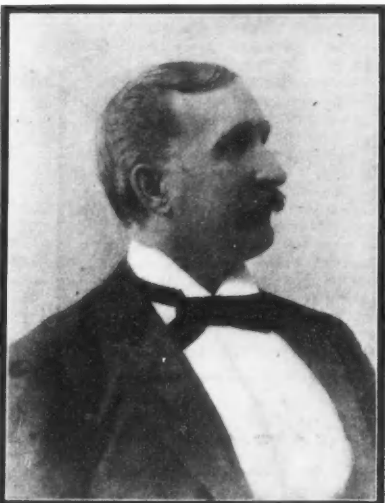
She shared her subjects' bane and bliss,
Welcomed the wise, the base withstood,
And taught by her clear life it is
The greatest greatness to be good.

Yet while for peace she wrought and prayed,
She bore the trident, wore the helm,
And, Mistress of the Main, she made
An empire of her island realm.

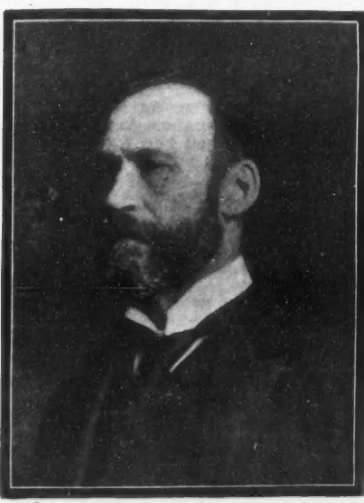
Afforded Her Pleasure.

He—I am afraid you don't like my dancing. She—On the contrary. I think it is very amusing.—New York "Life."

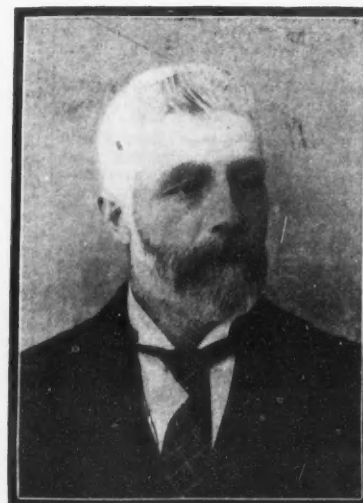
Four New Canadian Senators.



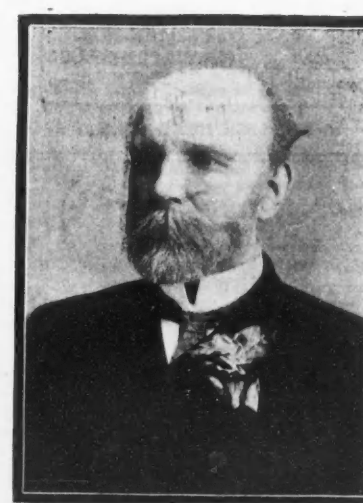
HON. LYMAN MELVIN-JONES, TORONTO.



HON. ROBT. MACKAY, MONTREAL.



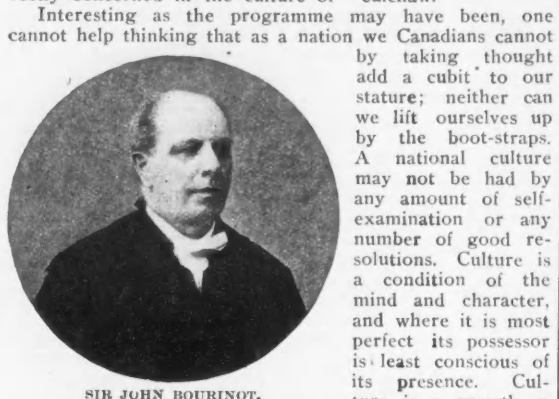
HON. GEORGE M'HUGH, LINDSAY.



HON. A. T. WOOD, HAMILTON.

Canadian Culture.

THE Canadian Club is concerning itself of late largely with educational problems, and the other evening listened to an address from Sir John Bourinot on "Culture in Canada." The scholarly and witty K.C.M.G., who has been for so many years Clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, and who bases on this fact the claim to have listened to more speeches than any other man in the British Empire, is a delightful talker—just the man for a chat over the coffee and cigars on such a subject as culture. His paper or address was an admirable review of what has been done by Canadians along the main lines of art and letters, and if not exhaustive, it was not intended to be. The discussion that followed was participated in by a number of educationists, business men, artists, writers, and others more or less directly concerned in the culture of "culchaw."



SIR JOHN BOURINOT.

Interesting as the programme may have been, one cannot help thinking that as a nation we Canadians cannot by taking thought add a cubit to our stature; neither can we lift ourselves up by the boot-strap. A national culture may not be had by any amount of self-examination or any number of good resolutions. Culture is a condition of the mind and character, and where it is most perfect its possessor is least conscious of its presence. Culture is a growth, a development—an evolution, if you will—and no amount of forcing will bring it into being. It must be spontaneous. The moment we become self-conscious of our manners we destroy them. A gentleman is a gentleman, not because he has schooled himself to it, but because he cannot help being so. Culture bears the same relation to education as manners to a book on etiquette. Some men never become cultured, though they pace the whole world, study the noblest canvases, see all the finest buildings, and hear the best of everything. Culture is not in them. They remain barbarians, and their tastes are crude and vulgar to the end. Ten boys will go through the same university. One will come out a cultured gentleman. The other nine will perhaps know more facts than when they started in, but their insight, their understanding of proportions, their sense of values—bahl! they can never acquire that. They are not of the proper clay. But if they should by any chance come out with culture, it is not a thing of which they will be conscious—at least not acutely and continually conscious. The kind of culture which is always uppermost in its possessor's mind is the valueless kind that has been acquired from lists of "best books," catalogues of paintings, summaries of history, and the perpetual racing about after things merely because they are said to be good, and not because one's own tastes draw irresistibly, progressively, inevitably, in the direction of "the good things."

And as to "Canadian culture," it is not clear to some why we should have, or should wish to have, a peculiar brand of our own. Beauty is beauty, and excellence is excellence, wherever they dwell. The best culture is the most cosmopolitan, the least narrow. No such thing as "Canadian culture" can exist by and for itself. Good taste and good manners are the same in spirit and essence throughout the world. Most of the talk about Canadian literature, Canadian art, Canadian music, is balderdash. What we need is not more narrowness, but greater breadth.

Some Anecdotes Revived.

The new King has always been a very hearty laugh. On one occasion he laughed boisterously at a Hindu schoolboy. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying "Your Royal Highness" should the Prince speak to any of them; and when Albert Edward picked out a bright-eyed lad, and pointing to a prismatic compass, asked "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied, "Please, it's a Royal compass, your Prismatic Highness."

It is said that the late Duke of Argyll, when his son, then the Marquis of Lorne, was sent for by the Queen to betroth himself to the Princess Louise, said to the "messenger" wife, Mrs. Donald Fraser: "This is one of those sacrifices which makes one feel the burden of rank." A feeling which was shared by his retainers, one of whom, according to a well-known story, after hiding a huge drink of whiskey to the young couple's health, remarked: "This 'ull be a proud day for Her Majesty."

The task of singing before Royalty is one that upsets the composure of the most self-possessed performers. The Queen, though a kindly and attentive auditor, often interrupted, during her later years, by requesting information concerning methods that to her old-fashioned ideas seemed bizarre and inartistic. During a performance at Windsor of one of Sir Arthur Sullivan's operas, she summoned Mr. D'Oyly Carte to her side and asked him sharply: "Why does this young person shake at the end?" referring to the reiteration of two notes, an embellishment frequently used by certain singers. "By your leave, your Majesty," was the reply, "she is not shaking at the end alone, but all over."

When the Prince of Wales visited the United States, many years ago, they gave a great ball in his honor in St. Louis. Governor Stewart, of Missouri, came down from Jefferson City to do credit to it, and in the course of the evening became very happy, very proud, not to say enthusiastic. He and the Prince were stationed on a little platform raised for them at one side of the hall, where the beauty and brilliancy and blue blood of St. Louis swept by them in dazzling review. The spectacle elevated Stewart's feelings several notches. Finally he administered a mighty slap to the royal back, and exclaimed: "Prince, don't you wish you was Governor of Missouri?"

A gentleman of large means in a Scottish county had a hot-house vineyard celebrated for its choice produce. When the Queen was on one of her periodical journeys through Scotland, the royal train was timed to stop for luncheon at a well-known station in this county, and Mr. Childers availed himself of the opportunity to send Her Majesty an offering of his best grapes. In due course a letter of acknowledgment expressing the royal appreciation of the gift, and complimenting the donor on the fineness of the fruit, reached him; and, feeling sure his head gardener would be greatly interested in the contents of the letter, Mr. Childers read it to him. The gardener gravely listened, but his only comment was: "She disna say anything about sending back the basket."

Shortly after the Queen's marriage to the Prince Consort they paid a visit to old Louis Philippe and the Orleans family at their castle of En in Normandy. The Queen having suddenly expressed one afternoon a desire to see the coffin of Emperor Napoleon I., which had just come from St. Helena, the carriages were ordered on the spot, but when the party arrived at the door of the Invalides, it was already dark, and the general commanding the place, who was taken by surprise, had to send for torches, and took the Queen, leaning on the arm of King Louis, through a long corridor, at the end of which the coffin had been temporarily deposited. By mere chance the organist of the chapel happened to be there, and in



THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE PORTRAIT.

his desire to please the young Majesty, he started suddenly a slow and grand God Save the Queen. The effect was extremely weird and dismal. "The Queen, I have been told," says Joinville, "was visibly upset; she blushed painfully, and some tears glittered and trembled at the end of her eye-lashes. It was evident that she could scarcely refrain from crying, and that she thought the whole affair too cynical indeed; her lively imagination representing to her in this weirdly-lighted vault the spirit of Napoleon I., enemy of her race, hovering about the chapel."

The Queen's Hand-writing and Head-chart.

GRAPHOLOGISTS will no doubt be able to form some idea of Her Majesty's character from the two specimens of her handwriting reproduced in this column, one her signature to the coronation documents, the other from a letter written last year. The Queen's head was once phrenologically considered by Mr. Stackpool E. O'Dell, an English phrenologist, and here is his reading of Her Majesty's character:

"In the formation of the Queen's head we can recog-

Victoria R

THE QUEEN'S AUTOGRAPH, 1857.

nize strong indications of the direction her vast influence takes, and the effect it has. First, and ever in the ascendancy, are her moral faculties. The moral region of the head is prominent; the mass of brain there produces an amount of ethical force that throws its might into the scale of right when there is any faltering between that scale and the scale of wrong. On this may England rest secure: that whatever betide her, purity, exalted purity, will preside over the Queen's part in the nation's destiny.

"It is almost a platitude to refer to Her Majesty's domestic qualities, so strongly marked in the conformation of her head; but it may be pointed out that from this source proceed kindness and sympathy of a most varied nature

Victoria R

THE QUEEN'S AUTOGRAPH, 1900.

in connection with all the concerns of home, family, and friendly relationship. These domestic sentiments will have their weight in the final decisions of the judgment concerning national affairs. Thus we have in our Queen's character a twofold chord, a dual strength that will aid in the safe conduct of the nation under the most trying circumstances. Her Majesty has an unusual amount of firmness—the region of this power being specially prominent—and has a great amount of stability. She has much perceptive and reflective power, and can accept wisdom from whatever source it may come. Statesmen will not have all their own way with her; her faculty of self-esteem being strong, combined with the moral and intellectual dignity that places honor and honesty first in the mental council."



THE QUEEN IN HER YOUNGER DAYS FROM A DRAWING BY HERSELE.

"Some Time, Somewhere."

Following is the poem Mrs. Maybrick is said to have written recently in prison:

Unanswered yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years.
Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing?
And think you all in vain those failing years?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer.
You shall have your desire—some time—somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne.
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking.
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Though years have passed since then, do not despair,
The Lord will answer you—some time—somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted.
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work begun when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see—some time—somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered.
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock.
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted.
Nor quails before the loudest thundershock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done—some time—somewhere."

The Perfect Woman.

HER MOUTH.

There is an old saying, "Your eyes are what you wish to be, but your mouth is what you are." The mouth of the perfect woman must be, therefore, an ideal feature under very great difficulties; and there are a hundred beautiful pairs of eyes to one beautiful mouth, as anyone will discover on a critical observance of the face feminine. The perfect mouth must have the upper lip a well-defined cupid's bow, of delicate and sensitive lines, which are apt to be firm even in repose, and which curl and break into many sweet curves when the owner speaks and smiles. The lower lip is fuller, slightly pointed, and a trifle more

set than its high-strung fellow, but with distinct power and sweetness which at once invites and warns. This sort of mouth no man living could look at and not desire to kiss; and yet, most men would look again, and discerning the gentle dignity and proud security which guarded its enchanting sweetness, would reconsider the matter and stand convicted of rash brutality. This sort of mouth belongs to the woman capable of any nobility of act or of all unselfishness; to the sensitive, sympathetic, patient, wise, better-half of the created two, who at the same time inspires and satisfies his psychic and artistic demands, and in doing so helps him to control and direct his grosser nature. The serenity of the eyes is accentuated by the gracious harmony of the mouth, and one is moved to the highest and best impulses of admiration by the general result.

Our mouths are what we are, so there is no feature of woman's face which so frankly reveals the general trend of her impulses and thoughts. A discontented woman never had a serene and sweetly curved mouth; a misanthrope never develops those humor curls in the corners; a cruel and selfish person stands convicted by some wayward turn of tension and thinness; nervous women spoil the contour of their lips by compression or by a silly trick of biting them; it is one of the commonest things to see a girl gnawing at her under lip, biting at the upper one, twisting her mouth about, pressing her lips together, all to relieve the fidgets which beset persons of great nervous energy which has not found its proper outlet. As for the mouths too full of teeth, or too empty; the gawky, half-open mouths; the silly, self-conscious mouths; the supercilious and contemptuous mouths, are they not on every street, in every drawing-room, in every city on earth? And O, sisters fair and otherwise, our mouths, both of men and women, are what we are!

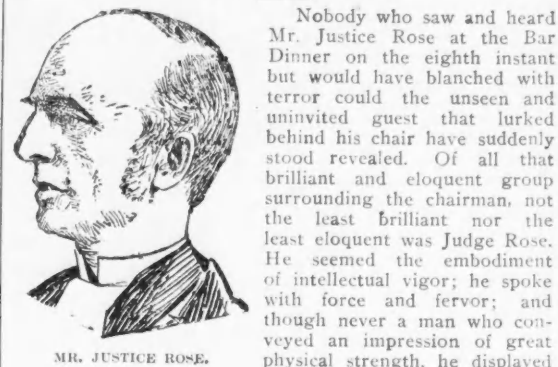
The gentler sex labors under the disadvantage of being unable to hide by a sweeping hirsute growth the confession of their mouths. To them is the task set of encouraging those high and noble character developments which shall change and beautify the vacant, the sensual, or the morbid mouth, and by bringing harmony and peace within, smooth discord and discontent from the tell-tale feature. A curious and awful picture, drawn from a powerful description of a "degenerate," has its climax in the mouth, which gives the key to the rest of the face by its cruel and brutal

heaviness. One is not quite sure what the picture actually means until one sees the mouth, on the thick lips of which sit nameless suggestions of dread. Many women spoil otherwise peaceful and inoffensive mouths by a set smile, which galvanizes into a ghastly expression, the life lacking, and the lines hardening very shortly into a meaningless and stony mask. Another type of mouth which drives many a worthy sinner to worse deeds is the patiently drooped and malevolently patient mouth. One sees it generally among the working classes, following upon much bodily weariness and care, but it invades the higher latitudes in times of suspense or strain, or when a woman, eaten up with self, finds a grievance, real or fancied, at every turn.

The merry laughing mouth parted over snowy lines of teeth is very fascinating, but is apt to drop back expressionless when the impulse of hilarity ceases. One is never sure it would be a good mouth to take for better for worse, to spend rainy days with. The stern, thin, long-lipped mouth is a grim terror which man bravely meets, knowing that behind it often sits a real, true, loyal heart, and a sense of humor at once deep and keen. But these are not mouths fit for the perfect woman, who never masks her thoughts with grim pretenses, nor lightly throws them to the winds. Her lovely mouth is frankly peaceful, happy and tender, strong and sweet, matching the wondrous revelations of her eyes.

CHEVALIER.

Judge Rose's Last Appearance.



MR. JUSTICE ROSE.

Nobody who saw and heard Mr. Justice Rose at the Bar Dinner on the eighth instant but would have blanched with terror could the unseen and uninvited guest that lurked behind his chair have suddenly stood revealed. Of all that brilliant and eloquent group surrounding the chairman, not the least brilliant nor the least eloquent was Judge Rose. He seemed the embodiment of intellectual vigor; he spoke with force and fervor; and though never a man who conveyed an impression of great physical strength, he displayed on that occasion as much as

ever of that nervous energy, that muscular activity, which characterized his speech and movements, and which is usually the index of a wiry and resilient constitution.

Judge Rose was one of the most companionable and affable of the High Court judges. Though dignified, he was not puffed up with false dignity. It may have been for this reason that more jokes were cracked at his expense by the speakers at the Bar dinner than at the expense of any other of the prominent men present. The Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick and the Hon. J. M. Gibson both seemed to take special delight, that evening, in having a good-natured drive at Judge Rose, who sat between them. The Attorney-General of Ontario, in announcing that he intended to cut his remarks short, said he was not unmindful of the fact that his friend the Judge had a carefully prepared address of which he was itching to unburden himself. He (Mr. Gibson) had been informed that His Lordship had been closing court at three o'clock every day for the past week or ten days, in order to get his remarks in shape. This caused a great laugh, in which Judge Rose joined freely. It is but a sample of the good-natured badinage to which he was subjected by speaker after speaker. And it may be noted that when his chance came he turned the laugh the other way. With regard to the specific statement of Hon. Mr. Gibson, the judge rather seriously said: "It is not true that I have been closing court early, but it is true that I have prepared my speech, and I would be ashamed to come here had I not. My advice to the younger members of the profession is never to make a speech without preparation, and never to be so hypocritical as to pretend to be unprepared."

Judge Rose proposed the chief toast of the evening, "Canada and the Empire," to which Sir Wilfrid Laurier responded. This was his last public utterance, and a portion of his words are worthy of reproduction. He said: "I regret that we cannot couple these names even closer, for any separation is too wide, though there be but a conjunction between them. Canada and the Empire are one in aim and aspiration, in sentiment and sympathy, and lately they have been one in joy and sorrow; they have been united to preserve power and possession, and have given notice to the whole world that they are a unit to preserve the supremacy of British soil and the rights of British subjects wherever they are, and that the flag which stands to us as the emblem of freedom and liberty shall never be put down while there is a man to wield a sword or a woman to give up her heart's best treasure to the cause. We have sent men to the field of battle, and we have rejoiced in battles fought and victories won, and it may be that they have learned salutary lessons within the Empire when battles have been fought and victories not won, but we have pride that no man who represented Canada has ever been compelled to adopt the formal language, historic now, 'I regret to state.' Our men, when they fought, fought for victory; they did not go into ambush, and our men found not in their manuals the word 'surrender.' His whole speech was in the same strongly Imperialistic tone, and though it was not generally known by those present, the eloquent and impressive periods of Prof. Goldwin Smith, uttered later in the evening, and a portion of which have already been given a place in "Saturday Night," were designed and aimed as a reply—not a direct reply, but an oblique rejoinder.

It is believed that the Bar dinner was the occasion of Judge Rose's illness. While waiting for his carriage he became chilled, and the following day the first symptoms of pneumonia developed.



DRAWN BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

Tolstoi's Latest Bon Mot.

"Men are fractions. I call the soul, the best qualities, the real merit of a man the numerator, and the opinion he has of himself the denominator. The larger the denominator, you know, the smaller the importance of the numerator."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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TORONTO has been favored with but two of the best of this season's new comic operas—A Royal Rogue (Jefferson de Angelis) and The Monks of Malabar (Francis Wilson). The only other comic opera presented here and it had visited Toronto before. Francis Wilson is a name to conjure with, and his popularity was demonstrated in the fact that he played to perhaps the largest houses of the year throughout his three nights' engagement. "Standing room only" was the sign at the Grand continuously through the latter half of last week. And yet it is difficult to say why The Monks of Malabar should have been accorded such a reception. It is fortunate in having an attractive title—a title that is both euphonious and whets one's curiosity. It is certainly novel and unique as to matter and plot, and it was staged with all that extravagant gorgeousness which is appropriate and to be expected in the production of an Oriental story. Outside of these points, Francis Wilson was the whole show. The peculiarly easy-going, unctuous style of fun-making of which he is master, was as delightful as ever. His leading woman, Marie Celeste, was pretty and vivacious. But there was a remarkable dearth of singing voices in the company. And as for the music, there was scarcely a single air that one would care to remember or to hear again. Everyone has given up looking for good music in the new comic operas, but people are entitled to expect at least an occasional air that "sticks." A Royal Rogue, though inferior in many respects to The Monks of Malabar, contained at least a couple of choruses that caught on at once and are whistled in the streets. Nobody will likely hear anything from The Monks of Malabar outside of an opera house. And yet it must be admitted that the piece, as a whole, was entertaining.

A very pretty and interesting show is Bootles' Baby, the four-act comedy drama at the Princess this week. It is a play that always proves a drawing card, and the Valentines' rendering of it was, with one or two exceptions, faultless. Miss Desmonde, who had the misfortune to break her arm last week, appeared this week in a small part with the injured member in a sling. Miss Maynard



SNAPSHOTS AT THE PRINCESS THIS WEEK.

as Helen Grace has the same gentle style about her that always calls forth sympathy when she takes the part—as she does this week—of an unfortunate maiden. The management was fortunate in securing the services of a very competent little Mignon in the person of Miss Gladys Smith. In such parts, where juveniles are necessary, we have usually to put up with something very crude and amateurish in the way of acting, but in this case Mignon was all that could be desired.

We have been having a run of good bills at Shea's lately, and this week's programme does great credit to the management, being full of novelty and interest from beginning to end. Staley and "Birbeck" (who, by the way, is Mrs. Staley), have a rapid transformation act that almost takes the breath away. The curtain goes up first showing a village smithy, in which the worthy proprietor and his assistant are each at work repairing a wheel. From these they render some very catchy music of the xylophonic order. An anvil duet follows, and this much in itself might be considered a bright and clever number. Then for a moment all is dark—a little movement—and lo! in the twinkling of an eye the blacksmith-shop and all its paraphernalia is changed to a cosy and comfortable drawing-room, showing Mr. Staley in evening dress at the piano and Mrs. Staley in feminine apparel sitting leisurely in the background. Mrs. Staley then does some clever dancing, which, by the way, might as well have been

omitted. Darkness again—and once more we are confronted with the dingy old blacksmith-shop, same as before. Here the curtain falls, and Mr. and Mrs. Staley step forward almost immediately through an opening in the center of the curtain, arrayed once more in evening attire. The effect of all this simply takes the breath away, and leaves one staring in wonder and perplexity. It is certainly a decided novelty. Eleanor Falk is an energetic young lady who dances and trips about with extraordinary vitality. She is supported by a group of pians, and the scenic effects are very bright and effective, but Miss Falk's chief attraction lies with her bright smile and her habit of violently winking. Sugimoto's Japs are as clever a group of Orientals as we have ever seen here. S. Goto, who heads the bill, is certainly a wonder, and each of the other numbers is decidedly clever and very interesting. Filson and Errol have a laughable sketch called A House Divided. They are assisted by Harold Godfrey, a young tutor of the Private Secretary type, who is the victim of misunderstandings on both sides, which causes amusing complications. As a female impersonator, Max Waldon is a striking figure, and his changes from one character to another are effected in a surprisingly short time. In one case he appears as a timid maiden of a century ago, and begins to sing. He interrupts his song with a deep masculine note, and the effect is most ludicrous. Elsie Janis is a pretty little impersonator of Cissy Loftus and others, and her juvenile manner is decidedly attractive. Johnnie Johns, the study in black, and Allen Shaw, whose coin manipulations would puzzle the sharpest, go to complete a very interesting and entertaining programme.

Shore Acres, which has already been here many times, is at the Grand the latter half of this week.

The Night Before Christmas, which is being played at the Toronto this week, proved to be a pleasing pastoral comedy. Next week Neil Burgess in The County Fair will be Manager Small's attraction.

Lew Bloom, the realistic tramp who was at Shea's last week, will now look more like a "hobo" than ever. He had his nose broken in a "scrap" on a Toronto street last Saturday night. Mr. Bloom is said to have been acting wholly on the defensive.

Melbourne McDowell, after being dropped from Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune's company, playing Theodora, failed to find an opening, and is said to be stranded in St. Louis without employment and without prospects. His case carries a lesson for every young man, whether on the stage or not.

Albert Brown, who made a hit in Toronto as the Imp in E. E. Rice's When We Were Twenty-one, has severed his connection with Mr. Rice on account of a slight difference of opinion. He is now "looking for a job."

Those who have sat behind, before, beside, or anywhere within earshot of the woman who talks through a play will appreciate these verses from London "Truth":

"I interrupt the newest play
With words propelled like pebbles;
I babble in my box's bay
In piercing sharps and trebles.

"My accents rise, my accents fall,
In idle nothingness;
I even babble in my stall
'Bout other women's dresses.

"No matter what the stage may show,
Nor though the piece be clever;
Actors may come and actors go—
But I gush on forever!"

However, women are not the only offenders. Some of the most hardened offenders in Toronto at least are men.

Thackeray's The Virginians has been dramatized for at least two theatrical managers, and will probably be produced in New York in the spring season. In one of the versions George Washington is made to play a rather important part, and the manager who owns this particular version is looking for an actor of six foot or more to impersonate the young Virginia planter.

These clever verses, descriptive of how the modern American pastoral drama of the James A. Herne variety is compounded, are from a San Francisco paper:

First read your Hazel Kirke well. Take the best
And mix with The Old Homestead. These digest,
With Tess and Little Emily to add zest.

Now take a farm, in early fall or summer;
A virtuous farmer as your king-pin number.
Flanked by a villain, town bred and a hummer.

And then the son of toil, born to the tillage;
The constable and doctor of the village;
An old maid, sour, with gossip as her pillage;

A sad-eyed heroine, rejoicing in a past;
A gay flirt, caught in Cupid's net at last;
A wise professor, in a strange mold cast

Like Private Secretary, long, lank, and lean;
A chore boy, Chimmie Fadden like, but green;
The village choir, oft heard but rarely seen.

A heavy snow fall, like a feathery flock;
A kitchen and a tall grandfather's clock;
A cheery fire, the elements to mock.

Insert a dialect, then your ingredients test—
A local dog for "trying on" is best.
Now call it Way Down—south or north or west.

Not the least offense of the Theatrical Syndicate is to maintain in New York a weekly organ that is grossly offensive in its abuse of every editor, critic, actor and manager who presumes to say or do anything that does not meet with the approval of the ring of Hebrews who con-

trol the drama in America. The paper is one of the most inaccurate and "sloppy" attempts at journalism extant. Its editors cannot spell or punctuate correctly, yet it assumes to be an arbiter in all matters connected with dramatic art and criticism.

A Soldier of the Empire, a romantic drama in five acts from the pen of Howard Hall, will be the attraction for the coming week at the Princess. The play deals with the Napoleonic period, and is a drama abounding in stirring climaxes and situations of marked dramatic intensity. This will be the initial presentation of the play in this city at popular prices, and the Valentine Company will put it before their patrons with a fine regard for perfection of artistic detail. The cast will embrace all of the favorites of the company, including Robert Evans, who has just returned to Toronto after playing a special engagement at St. John, N.B., and the settings will, as in all of the Valentine productions, be everything that could be desired. The manner in which all of the plays at the Princess are staged is an item that has won unstinted praise for the Valentine Company. At the opening performance of A Soldier of the Empire, Monday night, there will be souvenirs of Miss Mary Taylor, one of the cleverest and most painstaking among the ladies of the company.

That merry comedy, At the White Horse Tavern, is due at the Grand Opera House next week, when one of Daniel and Charles Frohman's clever companies will be seen in it. Odd character types, charming love episodes, pretty maidens, beautiful scenery, and a realistic rain storm are some of its features. Frederic Bond heads the company of nearly thirty people. The engagement is for the last three nights of the week.

As is well known, a remarkable hit has been made by the Klaw and Erlanger Opera Company and Jerome Sykes in the new De Koven and Smith opera, Foxy Quiller, at the Broadway Theater, New York, and the various cities in which they have played. Confident that there is a public that desires and will support a clean, artistic musical entertainment, Klaw and Erlanger spent money on this attraction without stint. The hit both the company and the new piece have achieved verifies their judgment as to the public desires. Mr. De Koven has written the score for many operas, but in Foxy Quiller he claims to have eclipsed all his former efforts. Mr. Smith's book is said to be entirely devoid of coarse jest, and in the stage business of the artists, report affirms there is a notable absence of that horse-play far too often substituted for legitimate comedy. This attraction is booked for an early appearance in this city.

The Dumonds, who style themselves "Parisian street singers," will be one of the leading attractions at Shea's theater next week. This is said to be one of the best musical acts in vaudeville. One of the Dumonds is a violinist of exceptional ability, who will probably please music lovers more than any musical turn ever seen in Shea's theater. May Wentworth, Patti Rosa and Co., have a very laughable sketch, the idea of which is said to be better than the usual "skit" of this sort. Howard's ponies, dogs and monkeys are sure to please both young and old. Rialta is a recently-discovered fire-dancer who has one of the prettiest acts on the stage. James H. Cullen will have new stories and parodies of more than usual merit. Mazur and Mazette have an acrobatic turn which they call The Tramp and the Brakeman. Lozelle, a gymnast; Maude McIntyre, and other good acts will make up the bill.

Notes From the Capital.

THE 7th of February is the date of the opening of Parliament, and it is rumored that there are to be even more visitors than in other years at the Capital for the ceremonies of the first week of the session. Among the distinguished personages in town at present and stopping at the Russell are: Mr. Dunsinuir, Premier of British Columbia; Mrs. and Miss Dunsinuir, and their guest, Miss Peters, daughter of Colonel Peters, who has been stationed at Toronto during the last year. Miss Dunsinuir is a debutante, and has only very recently left boarding school at Brussels. Mr. and Mrs. Dunsinuir have themselves just returned from Europe.

Miss Hay, of Washington, is the latest addition to the house party at Rideau Hall. She is the daughter of Mr. Hay, who was for some years United States Minister at the Court of St. James, and is now Secretary of State for his own country. The house party have been much engaged lately in preparing for the theatricals which were to take place shortly at Rideau Hall. As usual, the pantomime is the work of Captain Graham, A.D.C. At present, owing to the sad news of Her Majesty's death, the theatricals, like every other festivity, have been dropped.

The extreme cold of last week did not deter the votaries of skating from turning up in large numbers at the rink on Friday afternoon, when there was a pleasant tea given in the pretty new tea-room. The hostesses were Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. L. K. Jones, Miss Scott, and Miss Lemoine; and an abundance of fresh and fragrant flowers made their tea-table look most tempting. One or other of these ladies was in the tea-room during the afternoon to do the honors. Lady Minto and Lady Eileen Elliot were among those present, also Lord Dunluce, though he did not skate. Captain Bell was skating, also the Misses Ritchie, Miss Scott, Miss Blair, Miss Bell, Miss and Mr. Lemoine, Mr. W. L. Scott, Mr. Treadgold, Major Taylor, Mrs. R. W. Powell, and many others who can be counted as good skaters. The coolness of the atmosphere, however, made those less energetic find much pleasure in looking on from the windows of the tea-room.

Saturday afternoon the thermometer registered from twelve to fourteen below zero. Most people would have fancied that the weekly skating party at Government House would have been called off, or at least that no one would have ventured down there, where the wind is known to sweep fiercely over the rink. It was by no means called off. There were about fifty or sixty people out, and the entire house party came to enjoy the real Canadian weather. It was a little difficult to distinguish people, for rarely more than the tip of one's nose could be seen. Of course those who skated did not muffle up quite so much,

and every little while one heard cries of "Rub your ears; rub your ears, they are frozen," and the man or woman with the white deathlike ears would make a wild rush for the side of the rink and heroically gather up handfuls of snow to resuscitate the frozen parts. One man who lingered over putting his skates on in the warm room, said with a shiver that he felt as if a cold bath were being prepared for him. Another remarked that going on the rink that day deserved a V.C. However, those who escaped with ears and nose and cheeks untouched, say the skating party was one of the jolliest ever given at Rideau Hall.

One of the teas of last week was a particularly bright one given by Mrs. Cockburn Clemow for her two debutante daughters, and for her guest, Miss Naomi Wilson, of Quebec. The cheery, bright rooms of Mrs. Clemow's pretty house in Slater street were filled with guests between the hours of five and seven on last Friday afternoon. The young ladies who assisted in the tea-room were Miss Lola Powell and Miss Maud Powell, Miss Gwen Grant, Miss Nora Shaw, Miss Minnie Isbester, Miss Roma King, and Miss Ethel Jones. The Misses Clemow wore pretty white dresses, and Miss Wilson was in pale blue organdie muslin. On Tuesday of this week Mrs. M. P. Davis was to have been the hostess at a large tea. Her daughter, Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, had sent out cards for an At Home at the Rideau Rink on Monday night, but owing to the Queen's illness it was postponed.

Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, daughter of the Solicitor-General, is in town, and the guest of Mrs. D'Arcy Scott.

The dance which Mrs. King was to have given on Tuesday for her daughter, Miss Roma King, has been indefinitely postponed.

The children's fancy ball which took place at Government House a couple of weeks ago is to be repeated in the Racquet Court on the 1st of February for the benefit of St. Luke's Hospital. I have not heard the arrangements, but suppose that those going to see it will pay for tickets. It is not probable that the children will be obliged to pay, though most of them are most anxious to appear again in costume. Charity balls for hospitals are the fashion here at present. This week on Friday evening there was to have been a calico ball in the Russell for the benefit of the Ottawa General Hospital. It was to be under Vice-Regal patronage. The lady patronesses were Lady Laurier, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. Latchford, Mrs. J. J. McGee, Madame Laverne, Madame Taillon, Mrs. M. P. Davis, Mrs. John Costigan, Mrs. Roberts Allan, Lady Grant, Mrs. Turner, and Mrs. Fred Booth. Then on the night of St. Valentine's day, the 14th of February, the ladies' auxiliary of the Children's Hospital are giving a ball in the Racquet Court. This is an annual ball, and is always a most successful and well patronized affair. Among the ladies interested in this charitable ball are Mrs. Grant Powell, Mrs. Billings, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Charles Read, Mrs. Henry Ross, Mrs. Gorrell, and Mrs. Roper.

Miss Coates was immensely admired at the dance given by her mother in the Racquet Court last Thursday evening. She is a tall, fair, graceful girl, and her smartly-made gown of turquoise blue panne suited her exactly. Her sisters, Mrs. Blaikie and Mrs. Campbell, of Toronto, both looked very nice. Mrs. Blaikie's gown was cream satin trimmed with old rose point, and Mrs. Campbell wore white satin trimmed with lace and gold embroidery. Mrs. Coates wore black velvet and white lace. It was a remarkably good dance, with a good many "heroes" at it. Some of these, for want of a better, came in suits of khaki. Most of them, all in fact except a few North-Westerns, had been in the Drill Hall earlier in the evening receiving from the gracious hand of the Countess of Minto the handsome souvenir lockets presented to them by the City of Ottawa. Among the recipients of these were three nurses, who looked very neat in their khaki dresses. Colonel Evans and Captain Archie Macdonell were among the men at the ball.

There was everywhere real sorrow in Ottawa over the news that reached here on Sunday concerning the Queen. All festivities were at once called off, even to five o'clock teas, several of which were on the tapis for this week. Nobody regrets these, for nobody feels inclined for amusement or gaiety when there is mourning in the land. Sorrowfully the people heard on Tuesday the tolling of the bells which announced what all dreaded to hear.

AMARYLLIS.

A Poet's Description of the Queen.

Notwithstanding the ridicule heaped upon Alfred Austin and everything he writes, no verses more appreciable by the general taste have been composed on the late Queen than the Poet Laureate's poem on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. It is simple and unpretentious, but it is beautiful. The following extract is appropriate at this time:

The dew was on the summer lawn,
The roses bloomed, the woods were green,
When forth there came, as fresh as dawn,
A maiden with majestic mien.

They girt a crown about her brow,
They placed a sceptre in her hand,
And loud rang out a nation's vow,
"God guard the lady of the land."

And all the goodly days between
Glory and sorrow, love and pain,
The wisely mother, widowed Queen—
The loftiest as the longest reign—

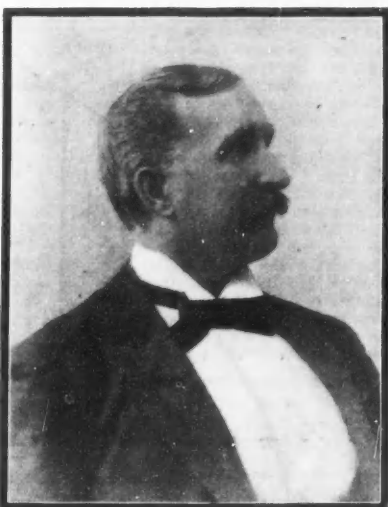
She shared her subjects' bane and bliss,
Welcomed the wise, the base withstood,
And taught by her clear life it is
The greatest greatness to be good.

Yet while for peace she wrought and prayed,
She bore the trident, wore the helm,
And, Mistress of the Main, she made
An empire of her island realm.

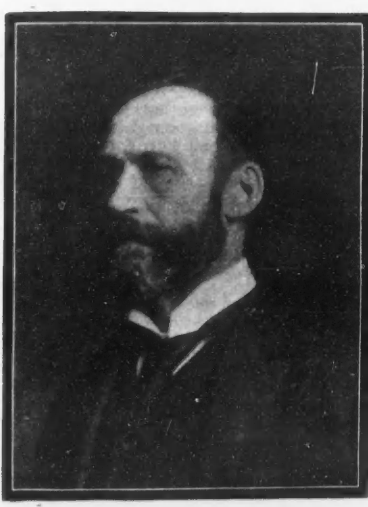
Afforded Her Pleasure.

He—I am afraid you don't like my dancing. She—On the contrary. I think it is very amusing.—New York "Life."

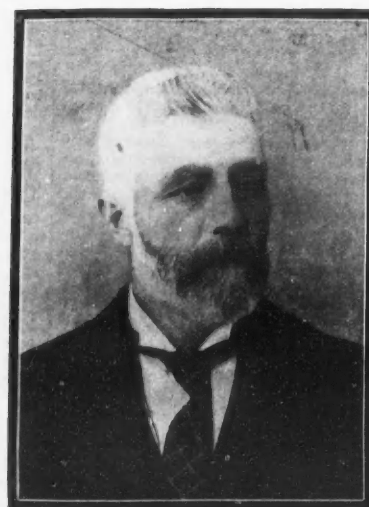
Four New Canadian Senators.



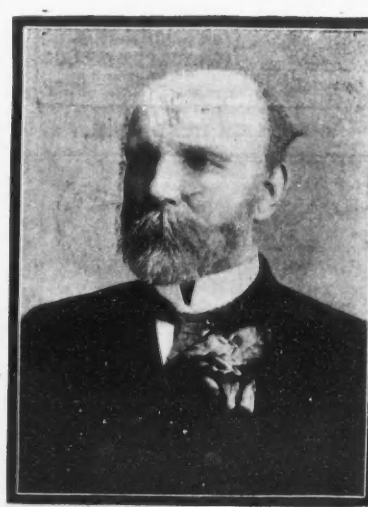
HON. LYMAN MELVIN-JONES, TORONTO.



HON. ROBT. MACKAY, MONTREAL.



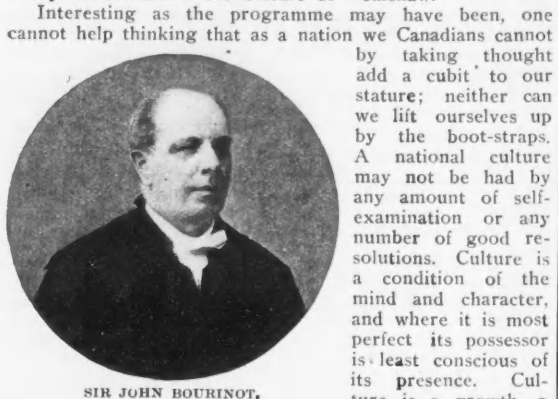
HON. GEORGE M'HUGH, LINDSAY.



HON. A. T. WOOD, HAMILTON.

Canadian Culture.

THE Canadian Club is concerning itself of late largely with educational problems, and the other evening listened to an address from Sir John Bourinot on "Culture in Canada." The scholarly and witty K.C.M.G., who has been for so many years Clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, and who bases on this fact the claim to have listened to more speeches than any other man in the British Empire, is a delightful talker—just the man for a chat over the coffee and cigars on such a subject as culture. His paper or address was an admirable review of what has been done by Canadians along the main lines of art and letters, and if not exhaustive, it was not intended to be. The discussion that followed was participated in by a number of educationists, business men, artists, writers, and others more or less directly concerned in the culture of "culchaw."



SIR JOHN BOURINOT.

Interesting as the programme may have been, one cannot help thinking that as a nation we Canadians cannot by taking thought add a cubit to our stature; neither can we lift ourselves up by the bootstraps. A national culture may not be had by any amount of self-examination or any number of good resolutions. Culture is a condition of the mind and character, and where it is most perfect its possessor is least conscious of its presence. Culture is a growth, a development—an evolution, if you will—and no amount of forcing will bring it into being. It must be spontaneous. The moment we become self-conscious of our manners we destroy them. A gentleman is a gentleman, not because he has schooled himself to it, but because he cannot help being so. Culture bears the same relation to education as manners to a book on etiquette. Some men never become cultured, though they pace the whole world, study the noblest canvases, see all the finest buildings, and hear the best of everything. Culture is not in them. They remain barbarians, and their tastes are crude and vulgar to the end. Ten boys will go through the same university. One will come out a cultured gentleman. The other nine will perhaps know more facts than when they started in, but their insight, their understanding of proportions, their sense of values—bahl! they can never acquire that. They are not of the proper clay. But if they should by any chance come out with culture, it is not a thing of which they will be conscious—at least not acutely and continually conscious. The kind of culture which is always uppermost in its possessor's mind is the valueless kind that has been acquired from lists of "best books," catalogues of paintings, summaries of history, and the perpetual racing about after things merely because they are said to be good, and not because one's own tastes draw irresistibly, progressively, inevitably, in the direction of "the good things."

And as to "Canadian culture," it is not clear to some why we should have, or should wish to have, a peculiar brand of our own. Beauty is beauty, and excellence is excellence, wherever they dwell. The best culture is the most cosmopolitan, the least narrow. No such thing as "Canadian culture" can exist by and for itself. Good taste and good manners are the same in spirit and essence throughout the world. Most of the talk about Canadian literature, Canadian art, Canadian music, is balderdash. What we need is not more narrowness, but greater breadth.

Some Anecdotes Revived.

The new King has always been a very hearty laugh. On one occasion he laughed boisterously at a Hindu schoolboy. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying "Your Royal Highness" should the Prince speak to any of them; and when Albert Edward picked out a bright-eyed lad, and pointing to a prismatic compass, asked "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied, "Please, it's a Royal compass, your Prismatic Highness."

It is said that the late Duke of Argyll, when his son, then the Marquis of Lorne, was sent for by the Queen to betroth himself to the Princess Louise, said to the "meek" wife, Mrs. Donald Fraser: "This is one of those sacrifices which makes one feel the burden of rank." A feeling which was shared by his retainers, one of whom, according to a well-known story, after hiding a huge drink of whiskey to the young couple's health, remarked: "This 'ull be a proud day for Her Majesty."

The task of singing before Royalty is one that upsets the composure of the most self-possessed performers. The Queen, though a kindly and attentive auditor, often interrupted, during her later years, by requesting information concerning methods that to her old-fashioned ideas seemed bizarre and inartistic. During a performance at Windsor of one of Sir Arthur Sullivan's operas, she summoned Mr. D'Oyly Carte to her side and asked him sharply: "Why does this young person shake at the end?" referring to the reiteration of two notes, an embellishment frequently used by certain singers. "By your leave, your Majesty," was the reply, "she is not shaking at the end alone, but all over."

When the Prince of Wales visited the United States, many years ago, they gave a great ball in his honor in St. Louis. Governor Stewart, of Missouri, came down from Jefferson City to do credit to it, and in the course of the evening became very happy, very proud, not to say enthusiastic. He and the Prince were stationed on a little platform raised for them at one side of the hall, where the beauty and brilliancy and blue blood of St. Louis swept by them in dazzling review. The spectacle elevated Stewart's feelings several notches. Finally he administered a mighty slap to the royal back, and exclaimed: "Prince, don't you wish you was Governor of Missouri?"

A gentleman of large means in a Scottish county had a hot-house vineyard celebrated for its choice produce. When the Queen was on one of her periodical journeys through Scotland, the royal train was timed to stop for luncheon at a well-known station in this county, and Mr. Childers availed himself of the opportunity to send Her Majesty an offering of his best grapes. In due course a letter of acknowledgment expressing the royal appreciation of the gift, and complimenting the donor on the fineness of the fruit, reached him; and, feeling sure his head gardener would be greatly interested in the contents of the letter, Mr. Childers read it to him. The gardener gravely listened, but his only comment was: "She disna say anything about sending back the basket."

Shortly after the Queen's marriage to the Prince Consort they paid a visit to old Louis Philippe and the Orleans family at their castle of En in Normandy. The Queen having suddenly expressed one afternoon a desire to see the coffin of Emperor Napoleon I., which had just come from St. Helena, the carriages were ordered on the spot, but when the party arrived at the door of the Invalides, it was already dark, and the general commanding the place, who was taken by surprise, had to send for torches, and took the Queen, leaning on the arm of King Louis, through a long corridor, at the end of which the coffin had been temporarily deposited. By mere chance the organist of the chapel happened to be there, and in



THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE PORTRAIT.

his desire to please the young Majesty, he started suddenly a slow and grand God Save the Queen. The effect was extremely weird and dismal. "The Queen, I have been told," says Joinville, "was visibly upset; she blushed painfully, and some tears glittered and trembled at the end of her eye-lashes. It was evident that she could scarcely refrain from crying, and that she thought the whole affair too cynical indeed; her lively imagination representing to her in this weirdly-lighted vault the spirit of Napoleon I., enemy of her race, hovering about the chapel."

The Queen's Hand-writing and Head-chart.

GRAPHOLOGISTS will no doubt be able to form some idea of Her Majesty's character from the two specimens of her handwriting reproduced in this column, one her signature to the coronation documents, the other from a letter written last year. The Queen's head was once phrenologically considered by Mr. Stackpool E. O'Dell, an English phrenologist, and here is his reading of Her Majesty's character:

"In the formation of the Queen's head we can recog-

Victoria R

THE QUEEN'S AUTOGRAPH, 1857.

nize strong indications of the direction her vast influence takes, and the effect it has. First, and ever in the ascendancy, are her moral faculties. The moral region of the head is prominent; the mass of brain there produces an amount of ethical force that throws its might into the scale of right when there is any faltering between that scale and the scale of wrong. On this may England rest secure; that whatever betide her, purity, exalted purity, will preside over the Queen's part in the nation's destiny.

"It is almost a platitude to refer to Her Majesty's domestic qualities, so strongly marked in the conformation of her head; but it may be pointed out that from this source proceed kindness and sympathy of a most varied nature

Victoria R

THE QUEEN'S AUTOGRAPH, 1900.

in connection with all the concerns of home, family, and friendly relationship. These domestic sentiments will have their weight in the final decisions of the judgment concerning national affairs. Thus we have in our Queen's character a twofold chord, a dual strength that will aid in the safe conduct of the nation under the most trying circumstances. Her Majesty has an unusual amount of firmness—the region of this power being specially prominent—and has a great amount of stability. She has much perceptive and reflective power, and can accept wisdom from whatever source it may come. Statesmen will not have all their own way with her; her faculty of self-esteem being strong, combined with the moral and intellectual dignity that places honor and honesty first in the mental council."



THE QUEEN IN HER YOUNGER DAYS FROM A DRAWING BY HERSELF.

"Some Time, Somewhere."

Following is the poem Mrs. Maybrick is said to have written recently in prison:

Unanswered yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years.

Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing?

And think you all in vain those failing years?

Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer.

You shall have your desire—some time—somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented

This one petition at the Father's throne.

It seemed you could not wait the time of asking.

So urgent was your heart to make it known.

Though years have passed since then, do not despair.

The Lord will answer you—some time—somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted.

Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.

The work begun when first your prayer was uttered,

And God will finish what He has begun.

If you will keep the intense burning there,

His glory you shall see—some time—somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered.

Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock.

Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted.

Nor quails before the loudest thundershock.

She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer.

And cries, "It shall be done—some time—somewhere."

The Perfect Woman.

HER MOUTH.

There is an old saying, "Your eyes are what you wish to be, but your mouth is what you are." The mouth of the perfect woman must be, therefore, an ideal feature under very great difficulties; and there are a hundred beautiful pairs of eyes to one beautiful mouth, as anyone will discover on a critical observance of the face feminine. The perfect mouth must have the upper lip a well-defined cupid's bow, of delicate and sensitive lines, which are apt to be firm even in repose, and which curl and break into many sweet curves when the owner speaks and smiles. The lower lip is fuller, slightly pouted, and a trifle more

set than its high-strung fellow, but with distinct power and sweetness which at once invites and warns. This sort of mouth no man living could look at and not desire to kiss; and yet, most men would look again, and discerning the gentle dignity and proud security which guarded its enchanting sweetness, would reconsider the matter and stand convicted of rash brutality. This sort of mouth belongs to the woman capable of any nobility of act or of all unselfishness; to the sensitive, sympathetic, patient, wise, better-half of the created two, who at the same time inspires and satisfies his psychic and artistic demands, and in doing so helps him to control and direct his grosser nature. The serenity of the eyes is accentuated by the gracious harmony of the mouth, and one is moved to the highest and best impulses of admiration by the general result.

Our mouths are what we are, so there is no feature of woman's face which so frankly reveals the general trend of her impulses and thoughts. A discontented woman never had a serene and sweetly curved mouth; a misanthrope never develops those humor curls in the corners; a vacant mind and a wavering will are confessed by the weakness and unrest of the lips; a sensitive nature tells its story in the heavy, full, and sometimes uneasy mouth; a cruel and selfish person stands convicted by some wayward turn of tension and thinness; nervous women spoil the contour of their lips by compression or by a silly trick of biting them; it is one of the commonest things to see a girl gnawing at her under lip, biting at the upper one, twisting her mouth about, pressing her lips together, all to relieve the fidgets which beset persons of great nervous energy which has not found its proper outlet. As for the mouths too full of teeth, or too empty; the gawky, half-open mouths; the silly, self-conscious mouths; the supercilious and contemptuous mouths, are they not on every street, in every drawing-room, in every city on earth? And O, sisters fair and otherwise, our mouths, both of men and women, are what we are!

The gentler sex labors under the disadvantage of being unable to hide by a sweeping hirsute growth the confession of their mouths. To them is the task set of encouraging those high and noble character developments which shall change and beautify the vacant, the sensual, or the morbid mouth, and by bringing harmony and peace within, smooth discord and discontent from the tell-tale feature. A curious and awful picture, drawn from a powerful description of a "degenerate," has its climax in the mouth, which gives the key to the rest of the face by its cruel and brutal

heaviness. One is not quite sure what the picture actually means until one sees the mouth, on the thick lips of which sit nameless suggestions of dread. Many women spoil otherwise peaceful and inoffensive mouths by a set smile, which galvanizes into a ghastly expression, the life lacking, and the lines hardening very shortly into a meaningless and stony mask. Another type of mouth which drives many a worthy sinner to worse deeds is the patiently drooped and malevolently patient mouth. One sees it generally among the working classes, following upon much bodily weariness and care, but it invades the higher latitudes in times of suspense or strain, or when a woman, eaten up with self, finds a grievance, real or fancied, at every turn.

The merry laughing mouth parted over snowy lines of teeth is very fascinating, but is apt to drop back expressionless when the impulse of hilarity ceases. One is never sure it would be a good mouth to take for better for worse, to spend rainy days with. The stern, thin, long-lipped mouth is a grim terror which man bravely meets, knowing that behind it often sits a real, true, loyal heart, and a sense of humor at once deep and keen. But these are not mouths fit for the perfect woman, who never masks her thoughts with grim pretenses, nor lightly throws them to the winds. Her lovely mouth is frankly peaceful, happy and tender, strong and sweet, matching the wondrous revelations of her eyes.

CHEVALIER.

Judge Rose's Last Appearance.



MR. JUSTICE ROSE.

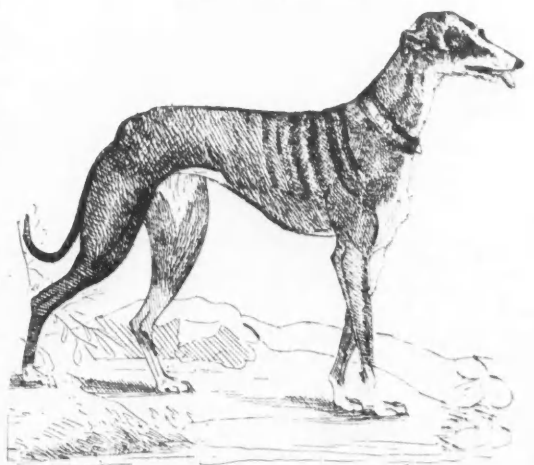
Nobody who saw and heard Mr. Justice Rose at the Bar Dinner on the eighth instant but would have blanched with terror could the unseen and uninvited guest that lurked behind his chair have suddenly stood revealed. Of all that brilliant and eloquent group surrounding the chairman, not the least brilliant nor the least eloquent was Judge Rose. He seemed the embodiment of intellectual vigor; he spoke with force and fervor; and though never a man who conveyed an impression of great physical strength, he displayed on that occasion as much as

ever of that nervous energy, that muscular activity, which characterized his speech and movements, and which is usually the index of a wiry and resilient constitution.

Judge Rose was one of the most companionable and affable of the High Court judges. Though dignified, he was not puffed up with false dignity. It may have been for this reason that more jokes were cracked at his expense by the speakers at the Bar dinner than at the expense of any other of the prominent men present. The Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick and the Hon. J. M. Gibson both seemed to take special delight, that evening, in having a good-natured drive at Judge Rose, who sat between them. The Attorney-General of Ontario, in announcing that he intended to cut his remarks short, said he was not unmindful of the fact that his friend the Judge had a carefully prepared address of which he was itching to unburden himself. He (Mr. Gibson) had been informed that His Lordship had been closing court at three o'clock every day for the past week or ten days, in order to get his remarks in shape. This caused a great laugh, in which Judge Rose joined freely. It is but a sample of the good-natured badinage to which he was subjected by speaker after speaker. And it may be noted that when his chance came he turned the laugh the other way. With regard to the specific statement of Hon. Mr. Gibson, the judge rather seriously said: "It is not true that I have been closing court early, but it is true that I have prepared my speech, and I would be ashamed to come here had I not. My advice to the younger members of the profession is never to make a speech without preparation, and never to be so hypocritical as to pretend to be unprepared."

Judge Rose proposed the chief toast of the evening, "Canada and the Empire," to which Sir Wilfrid Laurier responded. This was his last public utterance, and a portion of his words are worthy of reproduction. He said: "I regret that we cannot couple these names even closer, for any separation is too wide, though there be but a conjunction between them. Canada and the Empire are one in aim and aspiration, in sentiment and sympathy, and lately they have been one in joy and sorrow; they have been united to preserve power and possession, and have given notice to the whole world that they are a unit to preserve the supremacy of British soil and the rights of British subjects wherever they are, and that the flag which stands to us as the emblem of freedom and liberty shall never be put down while there is a man to wield a sword or a woman to give up her heart's best treasure to the cause. We have sent men to the field of battle, and we have rejoiced in battles fought and victories won, and it may be that they have learned salutary lessons within the Empire when battles have been fought and victories not won, but we have pride that no man who represented Canada has ever been compelled to adopt the formal language, historic now, 'I regret to state.' Our men, when they fought, fought for victory; they did not go into ambush, and our men found not in their manuals the word 'surrender.' His whole speech was in the same strongly Imperialistic tone, and though it was not generally known by those present, the eloquent and impressive periods of Prof. Goldwin Smith, uttered later in the evening, and a portion of which have already been given a place in "Saturday Night," were designed and aimed as a reply—not a direct reply, but an oblique rejoinder.

It is believed that the Bar dinner was the occasion of Judge Rose's illness. While waiting for his carriage he became chilled, and the following day the first symptoms of pneumonia developed.



DRAWN BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

Tolstoi's Latest Bon Mot.

"Men are fractions. I call the soul, the best qualities, the real merit of a man the numerator, and the opinion he has of himself the denominator. The larger the denominator, you know, the smaller the importance of the numerator."

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen
 Trav. Tuesday, Jan. 23, 10 a.m.
 Lahn. Tuesday, Jan. 23, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues. March 26, 10 a.m.
 Lahn. Tues. March 26, 10 a.m.
 Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues. April 2, 10 a.m.

New York, Bremen
 Karlsruhe. Thursday, Jan. 17, 1 p.m.
 Weimar. Thursday, Jan. 31, 2 p.m.

MEDITERRANEAN

GIBRALTAR
 Naples, Genoa
 Wer. Jan. 19; Kaiser Wm. II, Jan. 25;
 Aller, Saturday, Feb. 2, 11 a.m.; Kaiserin Maria
 Theresa, Saturday, Feb. 16, 11 a.m.; Wer. Saturday,
 Feb. 23, 1 p.m.

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AMERICAN LINE

New York—San Francisco—London
 Southwark. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at noon.
 Vandalia. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at noon.
 New York. Wednesday, Feb. 6, 10 a.m.
 Kensington. Wednesday, Feb. 13, noon.

RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris
 sailing Wednesdays at noon.
 Southwark. Jan. 23, Kensington. Feb. 13.
 Westernland. Feb. 6, Nordland. Feb. 20.

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 Second Grand Tour of Mexico.

On February 27, 1901, the Wabash Railroad Company will run their second personally conducted and select party of 60 people for a grand thirty-day tour of Old Mexico, the Italy of North America. This will be by far the grandest and most comprehensive tour ever run by any railroad company in the world. This will be a chance of your life to see this grand old land of the Montezumas. All principal points of interest will be visited. The train will be the finest ever seen in this country, consisting of Dining, Sleeping, Observation and Baggage cars built specially for this trip. The route will be over ten different railroads, covering 7,000 miles of travel. Pull particulars with itinerary of this wonderful trip at Wabash Railroad Office, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

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Central and Hudson River R.R.
 There is a sleeping car on the C.P.R. train leaving Toronto at 5.20 p.m., which runs through to New York, via the New York Central, and arrives in New York at 8 o'clock the following morning at Grand Central station. Fourth Avenue and Forty-second street. If you want to travel by day, leave Toronto 9.45 a.m., and get the Empire State Express, arrive New York 10 p.m. C.P.R. agent, corner King and Yonge, or at Union station, will sell you tickets and give full information.

Canadians Going South.

Before concluding arrangements for a trip for health or pleasure to Virginia, the Carolinas, Florida and the South, write to L. S. Brown, general agent Southern Railway, Washington, D.C., who will gladly mail free of charge time-tables, battlefield map folders, guides, excursion rates, reserve Pullman space, etc. Three fast, luxuriously appointed limited trains daily, Washington, D.C. through to Savannah, Ga., connecting there with Plant System, and at Jacksonville with Florida East Coast Railway.

Anecdotal.

The late Bishop Mandel Creighton was Bishop of Peterborough before he became Bishop of London. During a confirmation tour in the former diocese he put up one evening at an old manor house, and slept in a room supposed to be haunted. Next morning at breakfast the Bishop asked whether he had seen the ghost. "Yes," he replied, with great solemnity, "but I have laid the spirit; it will never trouble you again." Being further questioned upon the subject, the Bishop said: "The ghost instantly vanished when I asked for a subscription toward the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral."

"Macaulay improves. Macaulay improves." Sydney Smith remarked one day: "I have observed in him of late flashes of—silence." The "sonorous vivacity" of this enormous talker nettled Smith, who found it impossible often to voice his own wit and wisdom. "I wish I could write poetry like you," he complained to a friend. "I would write an 'Inferno' and I would put Macaulay among a number

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New stock of tally cards now in our sample books, the latest designs and colorings, including a "golf" set, which is quite a novelty.

Silk tassels to match the colors of card.
 Conductor's punch to loan if you wish it.

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of disputants and gag him!" Another contemporary described Macaulay as "stopping all over on every subject and standing in the slaps."

The mention of the name of William Travers leads me to remark, writes a space-writer in the Boston "Transcript," that so far as I am personally aware, only one of the current and classic stutering stories about him is actually true. I had the honor and happiness to reside at Newport for a year or so once; and at the time Mr. Travers was a summer resident there. He certainly stuttered a good deal, but he did not go around habitually discharging staccato velleities at the world, as you might suppose he did, from all the stories you hear. But the one story that I know about is this: Travers was at a garden party one afternoon when a young woman said to him, "What time is it, please, Mr. Travers?" Travers took out his watch, wobbled his mouth a while, blinked and finally said: "It'll be s-s-s-six o'clock by the time I can say it!" It really lacked five minutes of six when he began.

These Notable Days.

A Sunbeam Sketch. To Some Doubters. **W**E are living in such strenuous days just now that ordinary topics of talk—the scornfully termed "twitters" and "tattles"—of social conversation—of writing, of discussion, seem very inadequate and trivial. Lots of platitudes darkened the air about the close of the past century, varied by comet-flashes of derision from those opinionated folks who contended that our sentiments were arriving by overdue freight trains, some twelve months behind schedule time. The end of the century, shutting the door on its great record of thoughts and achievements, was the theme of thousands of editorials, which obviously had to be written, like "bread and butter letters" by a guest to the host, but which no one enjoyed or paid attention to. And scarcely has the new century (a woman, by grace of the poet Laureate) shaken out her ruffles and smoothed her hair and made herself generally at home with us, than a great throbbing of the world's heart almost topples her off her January throne. "Tis just," said the heart-wrung Scottish retainer, "a dear old lady deefin'!" All distinctions and ranks and pomp and vanity levelled by the strong touch of nature which reveals to us the solution of many vexing questions of the hereafter. "Just a dear old lady!" Nothing better, sweeter, lovelier than that, my friends!

It was a strongly psychic moment, this night week at the brilliant function in the splendid Hall of our Rules, when, after the programme of rejoicing appreciation of brave men and the giving of gifts and the rendering of praise and the modest acknowledgment thereof, someone sang, slowly and tenderly, the first few words of the National Anthem. There was a sudden thrill through the lines of soldiers, a tremor in the hearts of lovely women, radiant in beautiful gowns and jewels; plain old bodies whose sons had come home to them senseless, in deep joy and thankfulness; girls whose griefs had probably never before held so great and sweet a thought of reverence and earnestness; brave men, whose brows were bent as they sang. The very air quivered with the united soul-breath of the people as they sang, in tones I never heard before, "God Save the Queen!" Unknowing it was the very last time the National Anthem would be sung in this loyal city under the shadow of the Throne where the representative of her authority has sat while laws were made for us. The notes came slowly and tremulously upon the scented air; the soldiers and the maidens and the men and women of high degree swelled the song. The air was heavy with the supplication, warm from the hearts of young and old—"God Save the Queen!" One of those historic and beautiful moments one never forgets!

"The Queen's has been a pattern life," is a saying one hears everywhere. What a pity we cannot, we women of Canada, get hold of some of its possible traits and apply them personally. It isn't so easy to be a queen—even over a limited kingdom of three rooms and a kitchen, but it is possible. Much self-discipline and consideration and unlimited good-will and a faultless system and a wise administration and a co-operative cabinet are just as necessary to the uncrowned queens of small kingdoms as they have been to that beloved and revered woman whose hold on the world's heart has been clinched and riveted this week. Queen Victoria was not perfect, being mortal; she began with a high spirit and an ardent nature, a strong will and practically no experience of the ways of the political world. It would have been so easy for her to have made mistakes in those young days, but love came—the shy child—and happily the girl-queen's choice was eminently wise. So that, whenever one wonders at the bright, triumphant face of the mother of three strapping sons who were safe home from the war—"without a scratch on one of them," said the mother-voice, jubilantly. And a little story of one of those sons has come to me since which is pretty enough to tell. It appears he was only a bridegroom of some months only when he went on service to South Africa, and he left the young wife in the care of his mother, the bright-faced woman whose ringing, joyous voice made us all feel happy in her happiness last Saturday. After the home-coming feast had been eaten in the mother's home, the young soldier was surprised to hear his wife say: "Well, perhaps we'd better be getting home." "Why, we are home," he rejoined. But she put on her things and carried off her soldier from the mother-in-law to a dear wee house which she had taken and furnished and made bright and bonnie for his reception, and there was a delighted couple that time, I can assure you, in the new home! After all

That Was the Reason.



"Confound this razor! It is horribly dull!"
 "Why, that's strange; it wasn't a bit dull this morning when I sharpened my pencil with it."

the sad things we have heard of privation and illness and death, a little merry happening like this is pretty nice to think on, don't you know?

"I did not think you would care," said the woman who slipped away from town without saying good-bye. Whether it comes from excessive modesty or innate mistrust of human nature in general, her attitude is eminently exasperating to persons who do care. Mistrust of one's friendship and interest is a slap in the face frequently given to those of wide sympathies and responsiveness. It is risky to offer even the most justifiable praise to some natures. The retort is not always courteous. "Oh, come now, that's what you say to everyone," being quite a common acknowledgment of some appreciation specially called forth by wit, beauty or general smartness. People are ashamed to take their dues of praise, it appears, or else they utterly discount the sincerity of the giver. It becomes an heroic effort to mention one's admiration to its feminine cause, or to tell an able speaker or a good dancer that you recognize his gifts. "Don't make a monkey of me!" said a soldier to a friend who heartily told of his interest in the soldier's brave deeds and pleasure in his success. And he went away, displeased, and no more takes the name of the soldier upon his lips. "I did not think you would care," given with minor variations!



SIR JOHN TENNIEL.
 The veteran cartoonist of "Punch" who has recently retired owing to old age.

The Willy Boy's Prophecies.

One Hundred Years Hence.
 Evening pajamas will be proper until 2 a.m., at which time the valet will wake you to don the early morning style.

Air-ships will be propelled by forced draughts of cigarette smoke. Collars will be dispensed with. Cuffs will be worn at both neck and wrists. Electric light attachments will be included in the price of neckwear and waistcoats.

Strictly correct folk will have the family coat-of-arms engraved on their front teeth.

Gentlemen purchasing not less than six bottles of champagne at one sitting will be furnished Turkish bath tickets free.—Harvey S. McMaster.

Haphazard Charity.

HERE is an anecdote about Billy Emerson, a well-known old-time minstrel now a back-number, which at once illustrates his powers to entertain and his open-handed generosity. One evening several years ago Emerson, Ellie Allen and John L. Sullivan met in a St. Paul hotel. "Billy," said John, "if you'll come up to my room and sing some of your old-time songs as you used to sing 'em I'll foot the bill." "And I'll pay for the supper afterwards," put in Allen. "And I," concluded Billy, "will turn over to the first fellow in hard luck I meet whatever is chipped into my hat. So let's start the entertainment!" The three proceeded to the hotel parlors and presently Billy was in the midst of "Juanita," "Ben Bolt," "Bide a Wee," "Annie Laurie," and the rest of the old-time favorites. The singer had hardly begun before passing guests began to drop into the parlors to listen to the sweet singing and presently the rooms were full. Then Emerson swung round on the piano stool and said:

"This entertainment is for the benefit of the first hard-up man I meet on the street; so everybody chip in." Sullivan was in a generous mood and dropped a one-hundred dollar bill into the hat. The collection netted a total over three hundred and fifty dollars.

"Thank you all," said Emerson, "and now we'll see who gets it." And with Sullivan and Allen, he started for the street door. They were lighting their cigars when along paddled a cab driver through the

petting rain. Emerson called to him: "Hi, Joe, how's luck?" Joe came up shaking the rain from his great coat.

"Tough, Mr. Emerson," he said, "blamed tough. I ketcht it under the jaw this morning. The old bay mare I used to drive slipped coming down the hill in the rain this morning and my old woman—well, she had a baby at noon; so you can guess how things are."

"You take the gross receipts, Joe," said Emerson, "that's for the baby and a new mare with our compliments," and he handed the astonished man the three hundred and fifty dollars.

Points of Excellence.

A Few Reasons Which Are Rapidly Making a New Catarrh Cure Famous.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, the new Catarrh cure, has the following advantages over other catarrh remedies:

First—These tablets contain no cocaine, morphine or any other injurious drug, and are as safe and beneficial for children as for adults; this is an important point when it is recalled that many catarrh remedies do contain these very objectionable ingredients.

Next—Being in tablet form, this remedy does not deteriorate with age, or an exposure to the air, as liquid preparations invariably do. The tablet form not only preserves the medicinal properties, but it is so far more convenient to carry and to use at any time that it is only a question of time when the tablet will entirely supersede liquid medicines, as it has already done in the medical department of the United States Army.

Next—No secret is made of the composition of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets; they contain the active principle of Eucalyptus bark, red gum blood root and Hydrastin, all harmless antiseptics, which, however, are death to catarrhal germs wherever found, because they eliminate them from the blood.

Next—You cannot cure catarrh by local applications to the nose and throat because these are simply local symptoms, and such treatment cannot possibly reach the real seat of catarrhal disease, which is the blood; for this reason, inhalers, douches, sprays and powders never really cure catarrh, but simply give temporary relief, which a dose of plain salt and water will do just as well.

Catarrh must be driven out of the system, out of the blood, by an internal remedy, because an internal remedy is the only kind which can be assimilated into the blood.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets do this better than the old form of treatment because they contain every safe specific known to modern science in the antiseptic treatment of the disease.

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Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by sending reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps of postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Columns. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Nigger—There is a good deal of independent and original thought in this study. Writer has a mercurial temperament, some imagination, is fond of exchanging and airing ideas, is expansive, practical, and at times quite pessimistic. Writer would probably be a brave and patient under trial, generous at all times, but not particularly quick nor sensitive to psychic influences. A fine honest, and self-respecting study. Judge, neither over-careful nor anxious about the finer touches.

Fate—Do I believe in fate? Well, I never bothered about the slippery thread. Do I think we can master our fate? My good soul, we can master anything, if we go the right way about it. There is always the chance to rise above and out of every circumstance for you and for me. We so often prefer to grovel and whine and howl instead. 2. Your writing is grossly material, suggesting a nature ruled by the senses and perverted by a single upward impulse. Your affections are microscopic, and your self-indulgence great. You are important, have good sequence of ideas, and very even and true judgment. The general import of your study of my face is without ambition, desire or grasp of the higher life.

Ariel—What do I think of a girl who is half afraid to have me? My character? Oh, come now! You know you're a nice sort, or you wouldn't be so ambitious in aim, fond of society—not necessarily dissipation, but congenial and cheerful, and cheerful, with spasms of caution, but generally trustful and outspoken. You are an honest soul, not particularly tactful nor adorned with the ingratiating flatteries of womanhood, but good, true stuff—the sort of girl or woman one could like. Thanks for your kind Christmas wishes. It was as you hoped.

Fidget—I don't know about ang-iss

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and hypochondriacs, but grey days agree very well with me. If I don't like the weather I think about something I do like. You should have that very bright mind of yours better trained. Don't allow it to dwell upon uninspiring things. The trouble is, so few persons have a reserve of inspiring subjects kept ready for thought on grey days. The main point in your writing is the confession that you have much larger notions than you will ever carry out. Those huge loops unbalance your writing. Pray get them into line. You have some adaptability, great imagination, a speculative turn, some waste of effort, great energy, frankness, and nervous impulse, not always properly curbed and directed. I hope all these traits will find a congenial focus, then you will do great work in your line of occupation. Success to you!

Madge—Your two enclosures and three coupons all safe. As the former are evidently written for me as studies, they are admirable. You ask about me, as to which of the twain will suit you, and say one is rich. Ah, Madge, I know which one it must be. It will believe Ricardo is the poor writing of "Ricardo" shows great things, you will choose Strophon, whether he be rich or poor. You have enough of earth about you now, my child, and the Strophon nature exactly fits into your wants. Prithies take him, gentle maid! Ricardo will trick you. Strophon has the highest sense of honor. I am quite willing to wage my knowledge that Strophon is the poor suitor, whom your better self prefers. You are September, not adverse to show your splendid and brilliant income, but you are not a September person, you are a June person. Consider the case on high ground, and do the best for yourself. If you only realized the value of your health, you would not ask for delineations, only advice; well, there it is! You are answered immediately, out of all regard for rules.

Grille—A wilful, forceful, and very dominant person, tenacious, constant, and firm in purpose, inclined to pessimism, very smart and bright mentally, always reserved enough in expression, careful of details, and generally anxious to do well what is in hand. I should fancy any profession or occupation, courage, nerve and strength would appeal to you. If I had known the day of your birth, could tell better. You are somewhat susceptible and a thoroughly vital and snappy person. You'd never be happy doing nothing.

Avalon—This was an unrighteous story about Santa Claus, I seem to have heard it before. Late November (after 23) and early December are both legitimate periods. April (to 22) is Aries, another fine month. They ought to be a pretty brilliant party, I should say. Fascinating as it is to be a September person, I love to study another September person's ways. Sometimes I get a pain to think how far ahead of mine they are. I don't see why "the dad" should resent the babies' birth, as coming as they do. Ask him to consider his responsibility. If I were the dad I should lump the celebrations on some day agreeable to all. I should like to be a daddy, so to speak, for all those "Fire" folks. You may stop fretting over that little mother. The little, gentle boy is gone! We go back to childhood's stories, and say he is with the angels, who are loving him as he roasts. I think, somehow, his going was a relief. She never wanted him; it was not her fault, you know. She always set a mark for a daisyman. Mothers often run that way. A good appearance and the odor of sanctity satisfies the average mother. Dear boy, how can I advise you? Isn't there any way you can get your heart's desire, perhaps not just now, but later on? Eighteen is so young, you know. I love ever, everyone admires the boy who knows what he wants, even if he doesn't get it. You are very cautious and discreet, could be safely trusted, and have a certain independence of criticism and influence. Your decision and utterance are stronger than your purpose, which is not yet as forceful as it will be. You are a bit self-willed, very honest, and have good logical reasoning powers. If I only knew your birthday. It seems familiar, and many lines suggest it. Your study is strong and powerful, lacking direction and restraint, adaptability is suggested, so you may content yourself short of your present ideal, or may be will excel it. Should enjoy hearing more of your career.

Trip—Good for you, regardless of grammar! "Sports and a jolly time is more to my fancy than marriage." I don't think I ever called a girl a fool who thought of her future, but one who is forever worrying about getting married, writing to editors to know how

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A Remarkable Indictment.

Charges Against Missionaries That Affect the Honor of All Western Churches.

THOMAS F. MILLARD, correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" at Peking, has formulated over his signature the most surprising indictment of the missionaries to China that has yet been put into cold type, charging in fact that they, or some of them, have been responsible for a large part of the looting and house-burning that have been going on in the Flowery Kingdom, of late, to the scandal and disgrace of so-called "civilization."

Mr. Millard's statements are worthy of reproduction in the interests of truth—not as an attack on all missionaries, but as an eye-opener to Westerners as to the responsibilities they assume in sending out to convert the heathen enthusiasts of whose fitness and character they personally know little or nothing. "Saturday Night" is not aware of the correspondent's charges having been taken up or answered to date.

After admitting that the widespread anti-foreign demonstrations in which the Boxer movement culminated probably brought more suffering and injury to missionaries than to any other class of foreign residents in China, Mr. Millard speaks out as follows:

Scarcely had the foreign settlements in Tientsin and Peking been relieved by the arrival of the Allied Forces than a percentage of the missionary colony was keen on the scent of loot. This statement is not made lightly. It is based upon facts which cannot be doubted. However, it requires elucidation.

I shall not undertake to fathom the morals of the looting of North China by the Allied Troops and foreign residents. It has already gone through several distinct phases, each phase affording infinite variations. In the beginning everybody took what they saw and wanted. This was the phase of unadulterated appropriation, without excuse or reason for excuse. Then officers began to remember that they were supposed to be gentlemen, and orders forbidding individual looting were issued. After a while these orders were enforced, which meant that a soldier had better not let an officer catch him stealing. But the officers, and any other people who liked, would purchase looted articles from the soldiers, and no questions asked. Thus was inaugurated a purchasing period. This has been modified so gradually that now a stage has been reached where the buying and selling of looted bears the aspect of legitimate commercial transactions.

In all the looted phases missionaries have had their share. The day after the Chinese Christians who accompanied the missionary from Tientsin. At the first important town they proceeded to fill their carts. Their conduct left no doubt that they considered loot the real object of the expedition. As soon as my attention was called to their conduct I made them replace the stuff, and told the missionary that if he could not control them I would. After that they confined their looting to articles they were able to conceal. I was glad to reach Peking and be rid of the outfit.

Out of this expedition the missionary "tribute excursions" undoubtedly grew. So-called rescuing parties became merely armed escorts, under whose mailed wings missionaries collected indemnities from the towns about Peking. Under fear of having their towns burned, the inhabitants would suffer almost any extortion, and huge sums speedily accumulated in the Peking mission houses.

Now the "tribute excursion" has run its course. For a month it wended where it listed, protected by soldiers who made believe they were engaged in war. Then the upper military authorities suddenly perceived the black-mail aspect of it, and declined to furnish escorts. As it could not continue business without an escort to bluff with, the "tribute excursion" languished and finally gave up the ghost.

North China is still, nevertheless, at the mercy of any band of either military or civil looters who may choose to wander, plundering as they go, over the country. In Peking and Tientsin provost guards have enforced a tardy semblance of protection to the inhabitants; but afar from the camps and staff headquarters bandits wearing the uniforms of civilized nations still wantonly range and wreak their will upon the people. The reign of terror inaugurated at Taku still, months after opposition has ceased, holds a great part of Chihli province in its thrall.

"When a Chinaman professes Christianity," said a prominent missionary to me, "he must abandon his home, his family, and all his prospects in life. He becomes an outcast among his own people. It surely is the concern of the Christian world to provide these converts with a livelihood in place of the one they cast away when they reject Paganism. Is not the money used in caring for our converts as truly spent in the cause of Christianity as it would be in dispensing charity or building churches at home? If out of ten professors we get one real convert, is not that worth the doing?"

Here is an incident which happened to an American officer a few days ago. He employed a Chinese servant to accompany him on a "tribute excursion," which also brought a number of Chinese Christians back to Peking. On the return trip it became necessary to cross the Pei-ho, whose waters are now exceedingly cold. The Chinese Christians were ferried over, with all their property; but the officer's servant was compelled to strip and wade, carrying his clothes on his head. He emerged with chattering teeth, and for several hours thereafter was ob-

literated went to the military authorities, and, representing that in towns and villages in the vicinity of the capital many native Christians were in peril, requested escorts to succor them. In many instances these escorts were granted, particularly by the British and Americans. In not a single instance that I have heard of did these escorts develop a genuine rescue.

An American cavalry officer who commanded one of the earliest of these expeditions thus described it to me:

"The missionary who guided us, with his Chinese interpreters, made inquiries as we went along, but failed to develop, as far as I could see, any evidence that Christian 'Chinese' had been murdered. The missionary suggested that we burn the first town we came to, and was much put out when I positively refused. He renewed the proposition at other towns, but I told him finally that I was a soldier, not a house-burner and slaughterer of peaceful non-combatants. After that he did not renew the subject, except once, when, as we were leaving a large town, he pointed to a large house, and said it belonged to the brother of one of his Christian interpreters.

"My interpreter says that his brother is a very bad man," the missionary told me, "and much against the foreigners, and he requests permission to burn his house."

"Of course," I refused the request of the loving Christian brother. On another day one of my men shot a Chinaman who attempted to get away with some loot, severely wounding him. When I rode up to inquire into the matter the wounded man was writhing on the ground, while two soldiers were endeavoring to aid him. I sent for a surgeon, but the missionary seemed very impatient at the delay.

"Better put him out of his agony, without any more trouble," he said. "I'll do it, if you like, tapping his gun, for he was heavily armed."

"He must have seen my disgust at his proposal, for he did not refer to the matter again, beyond a poor attempt to turn it off as a joke. I think he was in earnest. As we got further to the north we found the towns full of people, who gazed on us as if wondering what brought us there. In one of these towns—a walled one—the missionary had a long conference with some of the leading Chinese. After we left he told me that the citizens of the town had proposed to pay an indemnity to the missionaries for any damage done to the property of Christian Chinese if the town would not be burned. It then dawned on me that the missionary had threatened to have the town looted and burned if the inhabitants did not pay an indemnity. I was indignant, but made no comment.

"During the entire trip I had the greatest difficulty in preventing the Christian Chinese who accompanied the missionary from looting. At the first important town they proceeded to fill their carts. Their conduct left no doubt that they considered loot the real object of the expedition. As soon as my attention was called to their conduct I made them replace the stuff, and told the missionary that if he could not control them I would. After that they confined their looting to articles they were able to conceal. I was glad to reach Peking and be rid of the outfit."

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Meditation.



(A STUDY.)

served to be in a contemplative mood, as he tramped after the carts which conveyed the converts. At the next halt he came to the officer with a mission interpreter, who explained that the man wanted to become a Christian. Astonished, the officer demanded the reason for the sudden change of faith.

"He says he like no have wade river, and ride in cart allee same Christian," explained the Christian interpreter, with an approving grin.

The missionaries and missions referred to in this story are English and American. They are the least blamable of the lot. If I wanted horrible examples I would find them among the French and Russians. The missionaries of those nationalities looted and levied tribute with an abandon worthy of a Chasseur d'Afrique. I have not mentioned names, but can do so if it becomes necessary.

One thing impresses me very forcibly, regard the presence of troops as a good thing to promote their work.

Recently an American missionary called on an American officer in Tientsin to ask advice how to collect a bill against the United States Government for rent of the mission compound, which had been occupied by American troops for a period during their presence in Tientsin. The officer, with a frown on his face, advised him to forward the claim to Washington.

"And now," continued the officer, "how would you advise me to go about collecting a claim against your Board of Missions for all the money I have contributed to foreign missions since I carried my first 'nickel' to Sunday school? It was obtained under false pretenses, and used for purposes that I do not now approve."

The troops in China have some deep grudges against the missionaries. They accuse them of refusing to offer their commodious buildings when the wearied relief column was high shelterless, and comment on the fact that no missionaries volunteered to aid in the hospitals when aid was sorely needed. If you would not hear hard words about missionaries, do not sit in the tents of the men who marched scores of feverish miles to succor them.

THOMAS F. MILLARD.

Might Have Been King

HOW many people know that there is still living a peer of the realm who, had he been born three days earlier, would at this moment be the King of England?

There is nothing more romantic in the history of the throne of England, going back more than a thousand years, than the story of how this mighty sceptre was placed in the hands of the girl-Queen who reigned for sixty-four years over one-quarter of the human race.

Had the Queen been born four days later the Victoria Era would never have dawned, and the Duke of Cumberland, who is still entitled to sit in the House of Lords, would have been reigning in England as George V.

The Duke is a great-grandson of George III, and therefore cousin of the Queen. His father, who lies buried at Windsor, was the late King George V. of Hanover, grandson of George III, and was born on May 27, 1819. Three days before Queen Victoria had been born, and being the eldest in the line of succession, she was destined for the throne while her boy cousin had missed by three days. It is interesting to reflect on what might have happened if the Queen had been a week later. She would have doubtless been one of the many Royalties of whom history knows nothing more than that they were born,

and in the fulness of time buried in the family vault.

The Duke would have ascended the throne as George V., and as he died on June 12th, 1878, there would have been no Diamond Jubilee and no long-expected reign. The present Duke Ernest of Cumberland would have succeeded his father, and would now have reigned exactly twenty-one years. As it is, the Duke has not set foot in England since the death of his father. He is in his fifty-fourth year, and is married to a sister of the Princess of Wales and the Czarina of Russia.

It was Duke Ernest, who lost the throne by three days, who created a great sensation at the time of the Queen's accession by threatening Her Majesty with a law-suit. The Queen had worn at her coronation some of the famous Cumberland jewels, which the Duke claimed as direct male heir. Her Majesty clung to the jewels, which had been handed to her on her succession, but eventually the precious gems were given up, and they are now worn by the proud wife of Duke Ernest. They are but poor compensations, however, for the loss of a throne.

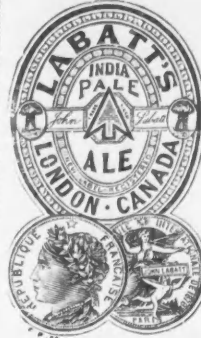
Renewed Vigor

Brought About Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Peter Beamer Tells How These Pills Released Her From Years of Neuralgia, Pains After Doctors and Other Medicines Had Failed.

Among the best-known and most-respected residents of the Township of Gainsboro, Lincoln County, Ontario, are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beamer. For a long time Mrs. Beamer was the victim of a complication of diseases, which made her life one of almost constant misery, and from which she nearly despaired of obtaining relief. To a reporter who recently interviewed her, Mrs. Beamer gave the following particulars of her illness and ultimate cure: "For some nine years I was troubled with a pain in the back, and neuralgia, which caused me unspeakable misery. The pain in my back was so bad that whether sitting or lying down, I suffered more or less torture. My appetite left me, and I suffered from headaches accompanied by attacks of dizziness that left me at times too weak to walk. My nervous system was badly shattered, so that the slightest noise would startle me, and my sleep at night was broken by sheer exhaustion. I was under the care of three different doctors at various times, but did not succeed in getting more than the merest temporary relief. I also used several advertised medicines, but with no better results. I was finally urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and got half a dozen boxes. In the course of a few weeks I noted considerable improvement, and as a consequence I gladly continued the use of the pills for several months, with the result that every symptom of the malady left me, and I was able to do my household work without the least trouble. As several years have passed since I have used the pills, I feel safe in saying that the cure is permanent, and the result also verifies the claim that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail." The reporter can only add that Mrs. Beamer's present condition indicates a state of perfect health, and speaks louder than mere words can do the benefit these pills have been to her.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored more weak and ailing women and girls to robust health than any other medicine ever discovered, which in part accounts for their popularity throughout the world. These pills are sold by all dealers or may be had by



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mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Odd Marriage Customs.

IN a recent book entitled "Wooings and Weddings in Many Climes," Mrs. Louise Jordan, Minn. shows that in the matter of mating mankind has retained longest some of its most striking and primitive customs. They have become a subject of scientific study, because they disclose some of the fundamental traits, impulses and beliefs of humanity.

Mrs. Minn is struck with the strange similarity of the marriage customs of people in widely remote parts of the earth. Of these perhaps the most widespread is that of marriage by capture. Its survival takes different forms; thus in the Malay peninsula the capture comes with the marriage dance.

"During it the bride breaks away, running her fleetest; the bridegroom chases her. If he cannot catch and bring her back before that part of the dance is ended she need not marry him, nor need she give the dowry back. Should he have the ill-luck to stumble as he runs, he must add three sarongs (shawl-like draperies) to the dowry. Sometimes the chase is a water chase, the bride being given the fittest canoe and a good start. In one tribe the lover must swim for his life. All of which is not to be understood too seriously. . . . It is almost as unprecedented for a Malay girl to let her lover chase her, in vain as for a satin-clad English bride to say 'No' at the altar."

It is a far cry to Norway, but there we find that "in several provinces on the day after the marriage the bride runs away and hides. . . . A great search ensues. When she is found and caught she is carried to her husband's home with much ceremony and installed with great state as absolute mistress of his house."

In Brittany, too, marriage by capture still he traced in "a wonderful little comedy" enacted soon after dawn on the wedding day, when the husband comes to claim his bride, bringing his bachelor friends. The house is locked and barred. The person who corresponds to the "best man" pounds and demands admission; the bagpipes play; for an hour the party is kept waiting. Finally a window is opened and a kinsman of the bride appears and parleys. The parents finally pretend to yield, and the kinsman comes out, but only to further parley, and without the bride. Finally he, too, pretends to yield, and re-enters the house, but returns with somebody else, to trick the bridegroom. Five times he does this; the sixth time he brings the bride, and the comedy is ended. The Arabian maiden is stolen likewise; having gained her father's consent, her lover creeps behind her and throws his cloak over her, the maiden making a feint of trying to escape, which her married kinswomen prevent her from doing.

A singular feature of marriage customs is the deformation, as we should consider it, practised by and upon brides. The Malay girl undergoes the terrible ordeal of having her teeth filed on the day before her marriage, to the accompaniment of elaborate ceremonies. They are filed down to a third, a fourth or sometimes even to a smaller fraction of their natural length, indescribably disfiguring the prettiest of mouths and causing excruciating and long-continued pain. The Japanese brides formerly blackened their teeth and shaved off their eyebrows, but these disfigurements have fallen into disuse. Tattooing, however, is frequent, as a fitting adornment of

Red Port Wine is the product of red grapes grown in the Douro valley of Portugal. At the mouth of the Douro River lies the beautiful, ancient city of Oporto, called by the Portuguese *O Porto*, and which imparts its name to the famous *Port Wine*. The first two pipes of Port Wine were shipped to England some 250 years ago. Up the Douro River some 80 miles lies the picturesque town called *Lagoa*, and in its vicinity and further up the banks of the river, from its bed to nearly the top of the high mountains, the country is planted over with vines. The marvelous climate and soil produce the magnificent grapes from which Port Wine is made, and it is under such conditions that fine *Commendador Port* was grown some 25 years ago. Any respectable wine merchant in Canada can supply it.

an expectant bridegroom. When a Burmese girl reaches a marriageable age her ears are bored with great care, money—her first step along the marriage path. What Mrs. Minn says about the Chinese women is especially interesting at the present juncture. Much nonsense, she thinks, has been written about them. They are not ciphers, they are not held in contempt, they are not treated with discourtesy. They have intelligence and influence almost always, and considerable education very frequently. Their lives are not often aimless or very inactive. Chinese wives have distinct rights and privileges under the law, and, as a rule, assert them.

"Above all, let us remember that the bride is no trembling girl puppet, but, as a rule, a voluntary contracting party about to take an important and respected place in Chinese life, passing through ceremonies and into a condition of life which her foremothers have for centuries passed through and into, and have found meet and good."

The parts played by the bride and the bridegroom throughout are fairly equal—"another indication," the author thinks, "that the Chinese regard the wife not as a passive but as an active and important party to the contract." A pair of wild geese are an essential present from the bridegroom to the bride or her parents—the Chinese believing that geese mate in youth and, remaining faithful, furnish a symbol meet for those about to marry.

Thought They Knew Each Other.

The ships that pass in the night do not trouble us; the ships that pass in the daytime, whose signals we cannot read, are those which perplex us. Here is a recent case:

"Why, how do you do?"

Smilingly the man in the serge suit and brown hat held out his hand to the little woman in the grey travelling dress.

"Well, this is a surprise!" returned the little woman, shaking him by the hand, and saying to herself, "I ought to know this man. Where have I met him before?"

"It is about a year since I saw you, I think," he said.

"Yes, I believe it is," she answered. "By the way—where are you living now?"

"Same old place," he replied, waving his hand.

She hadn't made any progress. She must try again.

"What are you doing now?"

"Oh, just the same old business," he said airily, as before. "Wasn't it too bad, the way they treated you?"

"You mean that time—that time—?"

"Yes, that time, you know. It was a shame, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes," she rejoined. "It was too bad. It—it was a shame."

"It was, indeed. Well, I am very glad to have met you again. Good-day."

"Thank you. Good-day."

"I don't think I could have been mistaken," he muttered, as he walked along; "and yet—"

"I wonder, now," mused the little woman in the grey travelling dress, as she hurried down the street, "if I ever did meet him before, and if I'd give worlds to know who the people were that treated me so badly, and when and where they did it?"

Tottle (aged five)—I wonder why babies is always born in de night-time? Lottle (aged seven, a little wiser)—Don't you know? It's 'cos they wants to make sure of findin' their mothers at home.

"One o' de worst mistakes you kin make," said Uncle Eben, "is to be so skyah't o' makin' mistakes dat you doem' do nuffin' at all."—Washington "Star."

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BOVRIL is a great-grandson of George III, and therefore cousin of the Queen. His father, who lies buried at Windsor, was the late King George V. of Hanover, grandson of George III, and was born on May 27, 1819. Three days before Queen Victoria had been born, and being the eldest in the line of succession, she was destined for the throne while her boy cousin had missed by three days. It is interesting to reflect on what might have happened if the Queen had been a week later. She would have doubtless been one of the many Royalties of whom history knows nothing more than that they were born,

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Travel: Tuesday, Jan. 15, 10 a.m.
Lahn: Tuesday, Jan. 23, 10 a.m.
Lahn: Tuesday, Feb. 26, 10 a.m.
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., March 5, 10 a.m.
Lahn: Tues., March 26, 10 a.m.
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., April 2, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN

GIBRALTAR NAPLES, GENOA

Werra, Jan. 19; Kaiser Wm. II., Jan. 26;
Aller, Saturday, Feb. 2, 11 a.m.; Kaiserin Maria
Theresa, Saturday, Feb. 16, 11 a.m.; Werra,
Saturday, Feb. 23, 1 p.m.

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There is a sleeping car on the C.P.R. train leaving Toronto at 5.20 p.m., which runs through to New York, via the New York Central, and arrives New York at 8 o'clock the following morning at Grand Central station, Fourth Avenue and Forty-second street. If you want to travel by day, leave Toronto 9.45 a.m., and get the Empire State Express, arrive New York 10 p.m. C.P.R. agent, corner King and Yonge, or at Union station, will sell you tickets and give full information.

Canadians Going South.

Before concluding arrangements for a trip for health or pleasure to Virginia, the Carolinas, Florida and the South, write to L. S. Brown, general agent Southern Railway, Washington, D.C., who will gladly mail free of charge, time-tables, battle-free, map folders, guides, quote excursion rates, reserve Pullman space, etc. Three fast, luxuriously appointed limited trains daily, Washington, D.C., through to Savannah, Ga., connecting there with Plant System, and at Jacksonville with Florida East Coast Railway.

Anecdotal.

The late Bishop Mandel Creighton was Bishop of Peterborough before he became Bishop of London. During a confirmation tour in the former diocese he put up one evening at an old manor house, and slept in a room supposed to be haunted. Next morning at breakfast the Bishop was asked whether he had seen the ghost. "Yes," he replied, with great solemnity, "but I have laid the spirit, it will never trouble you again." Being further questioned upon the subject, the Bishop said: "The ghost instantly vanished when I asked for a subscription toward the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral."

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of disputants and gag him! Another contemporary described Macaulay as "slopping all over on every subject and standing in the slops."

The mention of the name of William Travers leads me to remark, writes a space-writer in the Boston "Transcript," that so far as I am personally aware, only one of the current and classic stuttering stories about him is actually true. I had the honor and happiness to reside at Newport for a year or so once; and at the time Mr. Travers was a summer resident there. He certainly stuttered a good deal, but he did not go around habitually discharging staccato witticisms at the world, as you might suppose he did, from all the stories you hear. But the one story that I know about is this: Travers was at a garden party one afternoon when a young woman said to him, "What time is it, please, Mr. Travers?" Travers took out his watch, wobbled his mouth a while, blinked and finally said, "It'll be a-s-six o'clock by the time I can say it!" It really lacked five minutes of six when he began.

These Notable Days.

A Sunbeam Sketch. To Some Doubters.

WE are living in such strenuous days just now that ordinary topics of talk—the scornfully termed "twitter and twaddle" of social conversation—of writing, of discussion, seem very inadequate and trivial. Lots of platitudes darkened the air about the close of the past century, varied by comet-flashes of derision from those opinionated folks who contended that our sentiments were arriving by overdue freight trains some twelve months behind schedule time. The end of the century, shutting the door on its great record of thoughts and achievements, was the theme of thousands of editorials, which obviously had to be written, like "bread and butter letters" by a guest to the host, but which no one enjoyed or paid attention to. And scarcely has the new century (a woman, by grace of the Post Laureate) shaken out her flounces and smoothed her hair and made herself generally at home with us, than a great throb of the world's heart almost topples her off her January throne. "Tis just," said the heart-wrung Scottish retainer, "a dear old lady de-lin!" All distinctions and ranks and pomp and vanity levelled by the strong touch of nature, which reveals to us the solution of many anxious questions of the hereafter. "Just a dear old lady." Nothing better, sweeter, lovelier than that, my friends!

It was a strongly psychic moment, this night week, at the brilliant function in the splendid Hall of our rulers, when, after the programme of religious appreciation of brave men and the giving of gifts and the rendering of praise and the most acknowledged merits thereof, someone sang, slowly and tenderly, the first few words of the National Anthem. There was a sudden thrill through the lines of soldiers, a tremor in the hearts of lovely women, radiant in beautiful gowns and jewels; plain old bodies whose heads came home to them scathed, in deep joy and thankfulness; girls, whose girlish nates had probably never before held so great and sweet a thought of reverence and earnestness; brave men, whose brows were bent as they sang. The very air quivered with the united soul-breath of the people as they sang, in tones I never heard before, "God Save the Queen!" (Unknown to me the very last time the National Anthem would be sung in this loyal city under the shadow of the Throne where the representative of her authority has sat while laws were made for us. The notes came slowly and tremblingly upon the scented air; the soldiers and the maidens and the men and women of high degree swelled the song. The air was heavy with the supplication warm from the hearts of young and old—"God Save the Queen!" It was one of those historic and beautiful moments one never forgets!

"The Queen's has been a pattern life," is a saying one hears everywhere. What a pity we cannot, we women of Canada, get hold of some of its possible traits and apply them personally. It isn't so easy to be a queen—even over a limited kingdom of three rooms and a kitchen, but it is possible. Much self-discipline and consideration and unlimited good-will and a faultless system and a wise administration and a co-operative cabinet are just as necessary to the uncrowned queens of small kingdoms as they have been to that beloved and revered woman who held on the world's heart has been clinched and riveted this week. Queen Victoria was not perfect, being mortal; she began with a high spirit and an ardent nature, a strong will and practically no experience of the ways of the political world. It would have been so easy for her to have made mistakes in those young days, but love came—the shy child—and she grew wise. So that, whenever one wonders at much of her subsequent wisdom it is well to remember the wisest thing she ever did, and to give the honor which she always gave to that best of woman's possessions, a good husband.

One of the prettiest sights I've seen in some time gladdened my eyes other eyes at the Parliament Buildings last Saturday evening. It was the bright, triumphant face of the mother of three strapping sons who were safe home from the war—"with-out a scratch on one of them," said the mother-voice, jubilantly. And a little story of one of those sons has come to me since which is pretty enough to tell about. It appears he was a bridegroom of some months only when he went on service to South Africa, and he left the young wife in the care of his mother, the bright-faced woman whose ringing, joyous voice made us all feel happy in her happiness last Saturday. After the home-coming feast had been eaten in the mother's home, the young soldier was surprised to hear his wife say: "Well, perhaps we'd better be getting home." "Why, we are home," he rejoined. But she put on her things and carried off her soldier from the mother-nest to a dear wee house which she had taken and furnished and made bright and bonnie for his reception, and there was a delighted couple that time, I can assure you, in the new home! After all

That Was the Reason.



"Confound this razor! It is horribly dull!"
"Why, that's strange; it wasn't a bit dull this morning when I sharpened my pencil with it."

the sad things we have heard of privation and illness and death, a little merry happening like this is pretty nice to think on, don't you know?

"I did not think you would care," said the woman who slipped away from town without saying good-bye. Whether it comes from excessive modesty or innate mistrust of human nature in general, her attitude is eminently exasperating to persons who do care. Mistrust of one's friendship and interest is a slap in the face frequently given to those of wide sympathies and responsiveness. It is risky to offer even the most justifiable praise to some natures. The retort is not always courteous. "Oh, come now, that's what you say to everyone," being quite a common acknowledgment of some appreciation specially called forth by wit, beauty or general smartness. People are ashamed to take their dues of praise, it appears, or else they utterly discount the sincerity of the giver. It becomes an heroic effort to mention one's admiration to its feminine cause, or to tell an able speaker or a good dancer that you recognize his gifts. "Don't make a monkey of me!" said a soldier to a friend who heartily told of his interest in the soldier's bravadoes and pleasure in his success. And the friend went away, displeased, and no more takes the name of the soldier upon his lips. "I did not think you would care," given with minor variations!

LADY GAY.



SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

The veteran cartoonist of "Punch" who has recently retired owing to old age.

The Willy Boy's Prophecies.

One Hundred Years Hence.

Evening pajamas will be proper until 2 a.m., at which time the valet will wake you to don the early morning style.

Air-ships will be propelled by forced draughts of cigarette smoke.

Cuffs will be worn at both neck and wrists.

The letter "r" will be obsolete.

Electric light attachments will be included in the price of neckwear and waistcoats.

Strictly correct folk will have the family coat-of-arms engraved on their front teeth.

Gentlemen purchasing not less than six bottles of champagne at one sitting will be furnished Turkish bath tickets free.—Harvey S. McMaster.

Haphazard Charity.

HERE is an anecdote about Billy Emerson, a well-known old-time minstrel now a back-number, which at once illustrates his powers of entertainment and his open-handed generosity. One evening several years ago Emerson, Ellie Allen, and John L. Sullivan met in a St. Paul hotel.

"Billy," said John, "if you'll come up to my room and sing some of your old-time songs as you used to sing 'em I'll foot the bill."

"And I'll pay for the supper afterwards," put in Allen.

"And I," concluded Billy, "will turn over to the first fellow in hard luck I meet whatever is chipped into my hat. So let's start the entertainment."

The three proceeded to the hotel parlors and presently Billy was in the midst of "Juanita," "Ben Bolt," "Bide a Wee," "Annie Laurie," and the rest of the old-time favorites. The singing had hardly begun before passing guests began to drop into the parlors to listen to the sweet singing and presently the rooms were full. Then Emerson swung round on the piano stool and said:

"This entertainment is for the benefit of the first hard-up man I meet on the street; so everybody chip in." Sullivan was in a generous mood and dropped a one-hundred dollar bill into the hat. The collection netted a trifle over three hundred and fifty dollars.

"Thank you all," said Emerson, "and now we'll see who gets it."

And with Sullivan and Allen, he started for the street door. They were lighting their cigars when along paddled a cab driver through the

petting rain. Emerson called to him: "Will, Joe, how's luck?"

Joe came up shaking the rain from his great coat.

"Tough, Mr. Emerson," he said, "blamed tough. I ketched it under the jaw this morning. The old bay mare I used to drive slipped coming down the hill in the rain this morning and my old woman—well, she had a baby at noon; so you can guess how things are."

"You take the gross receipts, Joe," said Emerson, "that's for the baby and a new mare with our compliments," and he handed the astonished man the three hundred and fifty dollars.

Points of Excellence.

A Few Reasons Which Are Rapidly Making a New Cataract Cure Famous.

Stuart's Cataract Tablets, the new Cataract cure, has the following advantages over other cataract remedies: First—These tablets contain no cocaine, morphine or any other injurious drug, and are as safe and beneficial for children as for adults; this is an important point when it is recalled that many cataract remedies do contain these very objectionable ingredients.

Next—Being in tablet form, this remedy does not deteriorate with age, and an exposure to the air, as liquid preparations invariably do.

Next—The tablet form not only preserves the medicinal properties, but it is so far more convenient to carry and to use at any time that it is only a question of time when the tablet will entirely supersede liquid medicines, as it has already done in the medical department of the United States Army.

Next—No secret is made of the composition of Stuart's Cataract Tablets; they contain the active principle of Eucalyptus bark, red gum blood root and Hydrastin, all harmless antiseptics, which, however, are death to cataractal germs wherever found, because they eliminate them from the blood.

Next—You cannot cure cataract by local applications to the eyes and throat because these are simply local symptoms, and such treatment cannot possibly reach the real seat of cataractal disease, which is the blood; for this reason, inhalers, douches, sprays and powders never really cure cataract, but simply give temporary relief, which a dose of plain salt and water will do just as well.

Next—That was an unrighteous system, out of the blood, by an internal remedy, because an internal remedy is the only kind which can be assimilated into the blood.

Stuart's Cataract Tablets do this better than the old form of treatment because they contain every safe specific known to modern science in the anti-septic treatment of the disease.

Next—The use of inhalers and spray apparatus, besides being ineffective and disappointing, is expensive, while a complete treatment of Stuart's Cataract Tablets can be had at any drug store in the United States and Canada for 50 cents.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor reserves the right to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own names and addresses, but by writing reminders and requests for haste, 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Nigger.—There is a good deal of independent and original thought in this. The writer has a mercurial temperament, some imagination, is fond of exchanging and airing ideas, generally practical, and at times quite pessimistic. The writer would probably be a good patient under trial, generous at all times, but not particularly quick nor sensitive to psychic influences. A fine judge, neither over-careful nor over-anxious about the finer touches.

Fate.—I do believe in fate? Well, I never bothered about the slippery turn. Do I think we can master our fate? My good soul, we can master anything, if we go the right way about it. There is always the chance to rise above and out of every circumstance. I am not for me. We so often prefer to grovel and whine and howl instead. 2. Your nature ruled by the senses and perceptive, suggesting a single upward impulse. Your affections are microscopic, and your self-indulgence great. You are observant of small things, if of personal import, have good sequence of ideas, and very even and true judgment. Pride of some sort is a strong influence. The general import of your study is utterly without ambition, desire or grasp of the higher life.

Ariel.—What do I think of a girl who is half afraid to have me read her character? Oh, come now! You know you're a nice sort of a person, wouldn't you? Bright in perception and ambitious in aim, fond of society—not necessarily dissipation, but congenial company—dominant and cheerful, with spasms of caution, but generally trustful and outspoken. You are an honest soul, not particularly faithful nor adorned with the ingratiating traits of wormwood, but good, true stuff—the sort of girl or woman one could like. Thanks for your kind Christmas wishes. It was as you hoped.

Fidget.—I don't know about angels

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sustains the bust in its natural position and gives a perfect support to the back while the waist line is lengthened and abdomen reduced. Straight front, low bust, made in fine English Coutille, filled with best clock-spring steel.

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and hypochondriacs, but grey days agree very well with me. If I don't like the weather I think about something I do like. You should have that very bright mind of yours better trained. Don't allow it to dwell upon uninspiring things. The trouble is, so few persons have a reserve of inspiring subjects kept ready for thought on grey days. The main point in your writing is the confession that you have much larger notions than you will ever carry out. These huge lower loops unbalance your writing. I may get them into line. You have some adaptability, great imagination, speculative, but a waste of effort, great energy, frankness, and nervous impulse, not always properly curbed and directed. I hope all these traits will find a congenial focus, then you will do great work in your line of occupation. Success to you!

Madge.—Your two enclosures and three coupons all safe. As the former are evidently written for me as studies, I shall not say anything about them, but as to which of the twain will suit you, and say one is rich. Ah, Madge, I know which one it must be. You will believe a graphologist, to whom the writing of "Ricardo" shows queer things, you will choose Stephon, whether he be rich or poor. You are enough of earth about you now, my child, and the Stephon nature exactly fits into your wants. Prithree take him, gentle maid. Ricardo will trick you. Stephon has the highest sense of honor, and am quite sure to wage my knowledge that Stephon is the poor sutor, whom your better self prefers. You are September, not averse to show and splendor, and Ricardo's income appeals to you. Consider the case on high ground, and do the best for yourself. If you only realized values, you would, only advice; well, there it is! You are answered immediately, out of all regard for rules.

Girlie.—A wilful, forceful, and very dominant person, tenacious, constant, and firm in purpose, inclined to pessimism, very smart, but bright mentally, always reserved enough in expression, careful of details, and generally anxious to do well what is in hand. I shall not say anything about your courage, nerve and strength would appeal to you. If I had known the day of your birth, I could tell better. You are somewhat susceptible and a thoroughly vital and snappy person. You'd never be happy doing nothing.

Avalon.—That was an unrighteous story about Santa Claus. I seem to have heard it before. Late November (after 23) and early December are both Sagittarius people. April (to 23) is Aries, another fire month. They ought to be a pretty brilliant party, I should say. Fascinating as it is to watch other months, none are so fascinating as our own. I love to study another September person, some ways. Sometimes I get a pain to think how far ahead of nine they are. I don't see why "the dad" should resent the babies, but I shall not say anything about it. I am a family blonde, so to speak, for all those "Fire" folks. You may stop fretting over that little mother. Dear boy, how the girlie boy is gone! We go back to childhood's stories, and say he is with the angels, who are loving him as much as he loves them. She always disliked children, and his coming spoiled the only chance she ever had to see Paris. Don't let us ever mention it again, only don't worry over her. And thank you so much for kind wishes and good words of "Saturday Night."

L.R.O.—Does she want you to go into a bank or be a clerkman? Mothers often run that way. A good appearance and the odor of sanctity satisfies the average mother. Dear boy, how can I advise you? Isn't there any way you can get your heart's desire, perhaps just now, but later on, when you are so young, you know. However, everyone admires the boy who knows what he wants, even if he doesn't get it. You are very cautious and discreet, could be safely trusted, and have a certain independence of criticism and judgment. Your decision and utterance are stronger than your purpose, which is not yet as forceful as it will be. You are a bit self-willed, very honest, and have good logical reasoning powers. If I only knew your birthday, it seems familiar, and many lines suggest it. Your study is strong and powerful, lacking direction and restraint, adaptability is suggested, so you may content yourself with your present ideal, or may be will excel it. Should enjoy hearing more of your career.

Trip.—Good for you, regardless of grammar! Sports and a jolly time is more to my fancy than marriage. I don't think I ever called a girl a fool who thought of her future, but one who is forever worrying about getting married, writing to editors to know how

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A Remarkable Indictment.

Charges Against Missionaries That Affect the Honor of All Western Churches.

THOMAS F. MILLARD, correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" at Peking, has formulated over his signature the most surprising indictment of the missionaries to China that has yet been put into cold type, charging in fact that they, or some of them, have been responsible for a large part of the looting and house-burning that have been going on in the Flowery Kingdom, of late, to the scandal and disgrace of so-called "civilization."

Mr. Millard's statements are worthy of reproduction in the interests of truth—not as an attack on all missionaries, but as an eye-opener to Westerners as to the responsibilities they assume in sending out to convert the heathen enthusiasts of whose fitness and character they personally know little or nothing.

"Saturday Night" is not aware of the correspondent's charges having been taken up or answered to date.

After admitting that the widespread anti-foreign demonstrations in which the Boxer movement culminated probably brought more suffering and injury to missionaries than to any other class of foreign residents in China, Mr. Millard speaks out as follows:

"Scarcely had the foreign settlements in Tientsin and Peking been relieved by the arrival of the Allied Forces than a percentage of the missionary colony was keen on the scent of loot. This statement is not made lightly. It is based upon facts which cannot be doubted. However, it requires elucidation.

I shall not undertake to fathom the morals of the looting of North China by the Allied Troops and foreign residents. It has already gone through several distinct phases, each phase affording infinite variations. In the beginning everybody took what they saw and wanted. This was the phase of unadulterated appropriation, without excuse or reason for excuse. Then officers began to remember that they were supposed to be gentlemen, and orders forbidding individual looting were issued. After a while these orders were enforced, which meant that a soldier had better not let an officer catch him stealing. But the officers, and any other people who liked, would purchase looted articles from the soldiers, and no questions asked. This was inaugurated a purchasing period. This has been modified so gradually that now a stage has been reached where the buying and selling of looted bears the aspect of legitimate commercial transactions.

In all the looting phases missionaries have had their share. The day after the Legations in Peking were relieved a prominent missionary, accompanied by a large number of Christian Chinese, invaded the residence of a prince, and made a big haul. Incidents like this were numerous. When the purchasing period came, missionaries not only attended the sales, but opened loot markets themselves, sending their Chinese converts out to provide the stock. A semi-legitimate color was given to these transactions by creating out of the proceeds a fund for the relief of Chinese Christians who had suffered persecution and loss of property at the hands of their dissenting countrymen.

Even here, where moral pretensions have been hunted by war, considerable scandal has arisen out of what are denominated "tribute excursions." A few days after the relief of Peking mis-

sionaries went to the military authorities, and, representing that in towns and villages in the vicinity of the capital many native Christians were in peril, requested escorts to succor them. In many instances these escorts were granted, particularly by the British and Americans. In not a single instance that I have heard of did these excursions develop a genuine rescue.

An American cavalry officer who commanded one of the earliest of these expeditions thus described it to me:

"The missionary who guided us, with his Chinese interpreters, made inquiries as we went along, but failed to develop, as far as I could see, any evidence that Christian Chinese had been murdered. The missionary suggested that we burn the first town we came to, and was much put out when I positively refused. He renewed the proposition at other towns, but I told him finally that I was a soldier, not a house-burner and slaughterer of peaceful non-combatants. After that he did not renew the subject, except once, when, as we were leaving a large town, he pointed to a large house, and said it belonged to the brother of one of his Christian interpreters.

"My interpreter says that his brother is a very bad man," the missionary told me, "and much against the foreigners, and he requests permission to burn his house."

"Of course, I refused the request of the loving Christian brother. On another day one of my men shot a Chinaman who attempted to get away with some loot, severely wounding him. When I rode up to inquire into the matter the wounded man was writhing on the ground, while two soldiers were endeavoring to aid him. I sent for a surgeon, but the missionary seemed very impatient at the delay.

"Better put him out of his agony, without any more trouble," he said. "I'll do it, if you like," tapping his gun, for he was heavily armed.

"He must have seen my disgust at his proposal, for he did not refer to the matter again, beyond a poor attempt to turn it off as a joke. I think he was in earnest. As we got further to the north we found the towns full of people, who gazed on us as if wondering what brought us there. In one of these towns—a walled one—the missionary had a long conference with some of the leading Chinese. After we left he told me that the citizens of the town had proposed to pay an indemnity to the missionaries for any damage done to the property of Christian Chinese if the town would not be burned. It then dawned on me that the missionary had threatened to have the town looted and burned if the inhabitants did not pay an indemnity. I was indignant, but made no comment.

"During the entire trip I had the greatest difficulty in preventing the Christian Chinese who accompanied the missionary from looting. At the first important town they proceeded to fill their carts. Their conduct left no doubt that they considered loot the real object of the expedition. As soon as my attention was called to their conduct I made them replace the stuff, and told the missionaries that if they could not control them I would. After that they confined their looting to articles they were able to conceal. I was glad to reach Peking and be rid of the outfit."

Out of this expedition the missionary "tribute excursions" undoubtedly grew. So-called rescue parties became merely armed escorts, and those mailed wing missionaries collected indemnities from the towns about Peking. Under fear of having their towns burned, the inhabitants would suffer almost any extortion, and huge sums speedily accumulated in the Peking mission houses.

Now the "tribute excursion" has run its course. For a month it wended where it listed, protected by soldiers who made believe they were engaged in war. Then the upper military authorities suddenly perceived the black-mail aspect of it, and declined to furnish escorts. As it could not continue business without an escort to bluff with, the "tribute excursion" languished and finally gave up the ghost.

North China is still, nevertheless, at the mercy of any band of either military or civil looters who may choose to wander, plundering as they go, over the country. In Peking and Tientsin provost guards have enforced a tardy semblance of protection to the inhabitants; but afar from the camps and staff headquarters bandits wearing the uniforms of civilized nations still wantonly ransack and wreak their will upon the people. The reign of terror inaugurated at Taku still, months after opposition has ceased, holds a great part of Chihli province in its thrall.

"When a Chinaman professes Christianity," said a prominent missionary to me, "he must abandon his home, his family, and all his prospects in life. He becomes an outcast among his own people. It surely is the concern of the Christian world to provide these converts with a livelihood in place of the one they cast away when they reject Paganism. Is not the money used in caring for our converts as truly spent in the cause of Christianity as it would be in dispensing charity or building churches at home? If out of ten professors we get one real convert, is not that worth the doing?"

Here is an incident which happened to an American officer a few days ago. He employed a Chinese servant to accompany him on a "tribute excursion," which also brought a number of Chinese Christians back to Peking. On the return trip it became necessary to cross the Pei-ho, whose waters are now exceedingly cold. The Chinese Christians were ferried over, with all their property; but the officer's servant was compelled to strip and wade, carrying his clothes on his head. He emerged with chattering teeth, and for several hours thereafter was ob-



(A STUDY.)

served to be in a contemplative mood, as he tramped after the carts which conveyed the converts. At the next halt he came to the officer with a mission interpreter, who explained that the man wanted to become a Christian. Astonished, the officer demanded the reason for the sudden change of faith.

"He says he like no have wade river, and ride in cart allee same Christian," explained the Christian interpreter, with an approving grin.

The missionaries and missions referred to in this story are English and American. They are the least blamable of the lot. If I wanted horrible examples I would find them among the French and Russians. The missionaries of those nationalities looted and levied tribute with an abandon worthy of a Chasseur d'Afrique. I have not mentioned names, but can do so if it becomes necessary.

One thing impresses me very forcibly. The missionaries, without exception, regard the presence of troops as a good thing to promote their work.

Recently an American missionary called on an American officer in Tientsin to ask advice how to collect a bill against the United States Government for rent of the mission compound, which had been occupied by American troops for a period during their presence in Tientsin. The officer, with a frown on his face, advised him to forward the claim to Washington.

"And now," continued the officer, "how would you advise me to go about collecting a claim against your Board of Missions for all the money I have contributed to foreign missions since I carried my first 'nickel' to Sunday school? It was obtained under false pretenses, and used for purposes that I do not now approve."

The troops in China have some deep grudges against the missionaries. They accuse them of refusing to offer their commodious buildings when the wearied relief column was high shelterless, and comment on the fact that no missionaries volunteered to aid in the hospitals when aid was sorely needed. If you would not hear hard words about missionaries, do not sit in the tents of the men who marched scores of feverish miles to succor them.

THOMAS F. MILLARD.

Might Have Been King.

HOW many people know that there is still living a peer of the realm who, had he been born three days earlier, would at this moment be the King of England?

There is nothing more romantic in the history of the throne of England, going back more than a thousand years, than the story of how this mighty seigneur placed in the hands of the girl-Queen who reigned for sixty-four years over one-quarter of the human race.

Had the Queen been born four days later the Victoria Era would never have dawned, and the Duke of Cumberland, who is still entitled to sit in the House of Lords, would have been reigning in England as George V.

The Duke is a great-grandson of George III, and therefore cousin of the Queen. His father, who lies buried at Windsor, was the late King George V. of Hanover, grandson of George III, and was born on May 27, 1819. Three days before Queen Victoria had been born, and, being the eldest in the line of succession, she was destined for the throne which her boy cousin had missed by three days.

It is interesting to reflect on what might have happened if the Queen had been born a week later. She would have doubtless been one of the many Royalties of whom history knows nothing more than that they were born,

and in the fulness of time buried in the family vault.

The Duke would have ascended the throne as George V., and as he died on June 12th, 1878, there would have been no Diamond Jubilee and no long-est reign. The present Duke Ernest of Cumberland would have succeeded his father, and would now have reigned exactly twenty-one years. As it is, the Duke has not set foot in England since the death of his father. He is in his fifty-fourth year, and is married to a sister of the Princess of Wales and the Czarina of Russia.

It was Duke Ernest, who lost the throne by three days, who created a great sensation at the time of the Queen's accession by threatening Her Majesty with a law-suit. The Queen had worn at her coronation some of the famous Cumberland jewels, which the Duke claimed as direct male heir. Her Majesty clung to the jewels, which had been handed to her on her succession, but eventually the precious gems were given up, and they are now worn by the proud wife of Duke Ernest. They are but poor compensations, however, for the loss of a throne.

Renewed Vigor

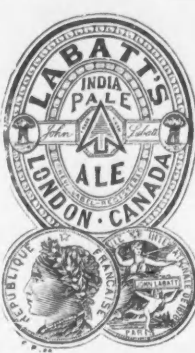
Brought About Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Peter Beamer Tells How These Pills Released Her From Years of Neuralgia, Pains After Doctors and Other Remedies Had Failed.

Among the best-known and most-respected residents of the Township of Gainsboro, Lincoln County, Ontario, are Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beamer. For a long time Mrs. Beamer was the victim of a complication of diseases, which made her life one of almost constant misery, and from which she nearly despaired of obtaining relief. To a reporter who recently interviewed her, Mrs. Beamer gave the following particulars of her illness and ultimate cure: "For some nine years I was troubled with a pain in the back, and neuralgia, which caused me unspeakable misery. The pain in my back was so bad that whether sitting or lying down, I suffered more or less torture. My appetite left me, and I suffered from headaches accompanied by attacks of dizziness that left me at times too weak to walk. My nervous system was badly shattered, so that the slightest noise would startle me, and my sleep at night was broken by sheer exhaustion. I was under the care of three different doctors at various times, but did not succeed in getting more than the merest temporary relief. I also used several advertised medicines, but with no better results. I was finally urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and got half a dozen boxes. In the course of a few weeks I noted considerable improvement, and as a consequence I gladly continued the use of the pills for several months, with the result that every symptom of the malady left me, and I was able to do my housework without the least trouble. As several years have passed since I have used the pills, I feel safe in saying that the cure is permanent, and the result also verifies the claim that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicine fails."

The reporter can only add that Mrs. Beamer's present condition indicates a state of perfect health, and speaks louder than mere words can do the benefit these pills have been to her.

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mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Odd Marriage Customs.

IN a recent book entitled "Weddings and Weddings in Many Climes," Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln shows that in the matter of mating mankind has retained longest some of its most striking and primitive customs. They have become a subject of scientific study, because they disclose some of the fundamental traits, impulses and beliefs of humanity.

Mrs. Miln is struck with the strange similarity of the marriage customs of people in widely remote parts of the earth. Of these perhaps the most widespread is that of marriage by capture. Its survival takes different forms; thus in the Malay peninsula the capture comes with the marriage dance.

"During it the bride breaks away, running her fleetest; the bridegroom chases her. If he cannot catch and bring her back before that part of the dance is ended she need not marry him, nor need she give the dowry back. Should he have the ill-luck to stumble as he runs, he must add three sarongs (shawl-like draperies) to the dowry. Sometimes the chase is a water chase, the bride being given the flecter canoe and a good start. In one tribe the lover must swim for his life. All of which is not to be understood too seriously."

It is almost as unprecedented for a Malay girl to let her lover chase her, in vain as for a satin-clad English bride to say "No" at the altar.

It is a far cry to Norway, but there we find that "in several provinces on the day after the marriage the bride runs away and hides. . . . A great search ensues. When she is found and caught she is carried to her husband's home with much ceremony and installed with great state as absolute mistress of his house."

In Brittany, too, marriage by capture can still be traced in "a wonderful little comedy" enacted soon after dawn on the wedding day, when the husband comes to claim his bride, bringing his bachelor friends. The house is locked and barred. The person who corresponds to the "best man" pounds and demands admission; the bachelors play for an hour the party is kept waiting. Finally a window is opened and a kinsman of the bride appears and parleys. The parents finally pretend to yield, and the kinsman comes out, but only to further parley, and without the bride. Finally he, too, pretends to yield, and re-enters the house, but returns with somebody else, to trick the bridegroom. Five times he does this; the sixth time he brings the bride, and the comedy is ended. The Arabian maiden is stolen likewise; having gained her father's consent, her lover creeps behind her and throws his cloak over her, the maiden making a feint of trying to escape, which her married kinswomen prevent her from doing.

A singular feature of marriage customs is the deformation, as we should consider it, practised by and upon brides. The Malay girl undergoes the terrible ordeal of having her teeth filed on the day before her marriage, to the accompaniment of elaborate ceremonies. They are filed down to a third, a fourth or sometimes even to a smaller fraction of their natural length, indescribably disfiguring the prettiest of mouths and causing excruciating and long-continued pain. The Japanese brides formerly blackened their teeth and shaved off their eyebrows, but these disfigurements have fallen into disuse. Tattooing, however, is frequent, as a fitting adornment of

Red Port Wine is the product of red grapes grown in the Douro valley of Portugal. At the mouth of the Douro River lies the beautiful, ancient City of Oporto, called by the Portuguese *O Porto*, and which imparts its name to the famous Port Wine. The first two pipes of Port Wine were shipped to England some 250 years ago. Up the Douro River some 80 miles lies the picturesque town called *Rogon*, and in its vicinity and further up the banks of the river, from its bed to nearly the top of the high mountains, the country is planted over with vines. The marvelous climate and soil produce the magnificent grapes from which Port Wine is made, and it is under such conditions that fine *Comma-ador* Port was grown some 25 years ago. Any respectable wine merchant in Canada can supply it.

an expectant bridegroom. When a Burmese girl reaches a marriageable age her ears are bored with great ceremony—"her first step along the marriage path." What Mrs. Miln says about the Chinese women is especially interesting at the present juncture. Much nonsense, she thinks, has been written about them. They are not ciphers, they are not held in contempt, they are not treated with discourtesy. They have intelligence and influence almost always, and considerable education very frequently. Their lives are not often aimless or very inactive. Chinese wives have distinct rights and privileges under the law, and, as a rule, assert them.

"Above all, let us remember that the bride is no trembling girl puppet, but, as a rule, a voluntary contracting party about to take an important and respected place in Chinese life, passing through ceremonies and into a condition of life which her foremothers have for centuries passed through and into, and have found meet and good."

The parts played by the bride and the bridegroom throughout are fairly equal—"another indication," the author thinks, "that the Chinese regard the wife not as a passive but as an active and important party to the contract." A pair of wild geese are an essential present from the bridegroom to the bride or her parents—the Chinese believing that geese mate in youth and remaining faithful, furnish a symbol meet for those about to marry.

Thought They Knew Each Other.

The ships that pass in the night do not trouble us; the ships that pass in the daytime, whose signals we cannot read, are those which perplex us. Here is a recent case:

"Why, how do you do?" Smilingly the man in the serge suit and brown hat held out his hand to the little woman in the grey travelling dress.

"Well, this is a surprise!" returned the little woman, shaking him by the hand, and saying to herself, "I ought to know this man. Where have I met him before?"

"It is about a year since I saw you, I think," he said.

"Yes, I believe it is," she answered. "By the way—where are you living now?"

"Same old place," he replied, waving his hand.

She hadn't made any progress. She must try again.

"What are you doing now?"

"Oh, just the same old business," he said airily, as before. "Wasn't it too bad, the way they treated you?"

"You mean that time—that time—"

"Yes, that time, you know. It was a shame, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes," she rejoined. "It was too bad. It—it was a shame."

"It was, indeed. Well, I am very glad to have met you again. Good-day."

"Thank you. Good-day."

"I don't think I could have been mistaken," he muttered, as he walked along; "and yet—"

"I wonder, now," mused the little woman in the grey travelling dress, as she hurried down the street, "if I ever did meet him before; and I'd give worlds to know who the people were that treated me so badly, and when and where they did it?"

Tottie (aged five)—I wonder why babies is always born in de night-time? Lottie (aged seven, a little wiser)—Don't you know? It's 'cos they wants to make sure of findin' their mothers at home.

"One o' de worst mistakes you kin make," said Uncle Eben, "is to be so skyaht o' makin' mistakes dat you doesn' do nuffin' at all."—Washington "Star."

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BOVRIL FOR INFLUENZA



THAT well-known and deservedly popular comic opera entertainer, Francis Wilson, reappeared in this city with his company at the Grand during the latter half of last week. The piece provides an amusing evening principally on account of the opportunities the book and story give Mr. Wilson for introducing his drolleries and funny asides. The musical score is very commonplace, the various numbers being very reminiscent and flimsy, and there being no evidences of ingenuity or constructive skill. It is a fact of general observation that Engländer's comic opera scores utterly lack distinction even in their genre. It is a great pity that a comedian of such repute as Mr. Wilson does not commission some composer of merit to write him an opera. Mr. Wilson has tried many operas since he made so great a hit as the little thief in *Ermine*, but so far he has not succeeded in producing anything which could win a success on account of its music. However, as I have indicated, the *Monks of Malabar* is amusing enough and will no doubt serve its purpose for a time of exploiting Mr. Wilson in the leading role. Marie Celeste, a smart, little comedienne, has a good acting part as Anita Tivoli, a lively French woman, and came next to Mr. Wilson in the division of the honors. The opera was handsomely staged and costumed, will have the patronage and assistance of several of the leading musical societies.

In consequence of the death of the Queen, the concert of the Mendelssohn Choir, which should have taken place on Thursday, has been postponed. Miss Katherine Birnie, who had announced a recital for Tuesday evening, also postponed her concert. Many functions at the Conservatory of Music and College of Music fixed for this week were abandoned.

Mme. Albani, the Canadian prima donna, is, it seems, to make a second farewell tour of this country this year, under the management of Mr. Harrison, the composer of *Torquill*. Mme. Albani, it is understood, will sing at popular prices, and there is no doubt that she will have cordial receptions wherever she appears.

It is an open secret that the University of Toronto Senate has decided to hold examinations in practical music, and all that remains to be done now is to formulate a scheme that will be satisfactory to musicians and students and carry it into effect. I venture to predict that the University music examinations will become very popular.

M. Messenger, the new musical director of the Covent Garden opera, speaks English fluently, and has an Irish wife, once Miss Hope Temple, the composer of an Old Grand and other popular drawing-room songs. M. Messenger may be remembered as the composer of the comic operas *La Pêche* and *Fauvette*, and joint composer of *Francis Les Bas-Bleus*, all three of which were performed in Toronto some years ago.

The two following advertisements, which appeared in English newspapers, would seem to show that the lot of the music teacher in the Mother Country is not always a happy one: "Wanted, a turkey or a pair of fowls, in exchange for a B-flat clarinet." "Wanted, butter, eggs or bacon, in return for post-harmony lessons by a Bachelor of Music." Truly, the profession has to resort to dubious methods to eke out an existence. At the recent congress of the Society of Musicians at Landudno it was stated that there were hundreds of music governesses in boarding schools, some of whom have had good training and had good certificates who think themselves well off with \$150 a year. They work hard at the rate of about nine cents an hour. It is no wonder that some of the musical journals are suggesting that a genuine music trade union might do some good. If it proved possible, however, to establish a reasonable tariff for music teaching, the question suggests itself: how can we now pay a person a lesson who is unable to pay for any instruction at all? The existence of a stipendary rate infers the existence of not only a large class of poor people with aspirations towards refinement, but also of a large class of educated women to whom the stipendary rate is of vital consequence.

At the moment of writing, the grand old Italian maestro, Giuseppe Verdi, is reported to have had a stroke of paralysis, and to be in a serious condition. At his advanced age—eighty-eight—there is scarcely ground for hoping that he can rally.

Mr. Torrington and his orchestra will play Mendelssohn's music to Antigone, which will be given this evening with English words by the pupils of the School of Education, under the direction of Mr. Shaw.

Speaking of Mrs. Sembelch, who will shortly be heard again in concert in Toronto, August Spanoth in the Philadelphia "Musicalian" writes: "More than once she has accomplished the marvellous feat of playing a violin concerto and a piano concerto, and also singing an aria at the same evening. Of late she has given up violin practice, and she begins to complain that she has not even time to practice the piano. However, when last winter at her apartments at the Hotel Savoy in New York some friends began to discuss Beethoven's Choral

Interpretations, she took a hand in the argument, and finally sat down at the piano, and played the G sharp minor study and the A flat major Ballade in a fashion that would have delighted even her countryman, the great composer himself."

The Bach Society of Germany having accomplished its task of publishing the complete works of the great composer, will undertake the enterprise of making the people acquainted with the best of them, many of which had never before been printed. They propose to inaugurate a series of Bach festivals, the first to be held in March at Berlin. Herr Joachim, the veteran violinist, is to preside, and the event will have the patronage and assistance of several of the leading musical societies.

According to Herr Alf Klingenberg, who has written to the "Musical Courier" on the subject, the Norwegians have a very much esteemed national air in Bjørnson's *Yes We Love This Country*, with music by Richard Nordraak. The composer, he says, was one of Norway's most promising musical geniuses, and his early death at the age of twenty-three years was most lamented. He was the first who clearly perceived what a great treasure the Norwegians have in their folk-songs for the development of a distinctly national art, and going frankly admitted what influence the enthusiastic Nordraak had on him and his later work. The Norwegians are so pleased with his music that they intend to show their thankfulness to the creator of their most beloved air by erecting him a monument in Christianity. The music is very characteristic: its ascending and descending scales in a very strong manner suggest the rugged country with its proud but rather angular inhabitants. The popularity of the Norwegian song is not limited to its country. It is sung with predilection by the Swedish, Danish, yes, even Finnish brothers. An interesting story is told about this song. A few years ago Gunar Heilberg wrote a satirical play in which he among other things ridiculed the way his countrymen, drunk or sober, at all possible and impossible occasions maltreated their beloved hymn. The English composer, Fritz Delius wrote some music to the play. In one part he tried musically to illustrate the above mentioned persiflage by using the hymn as a motive. People got terribly enraged; night after night the music was drowned by the noise from the audience. The composer was thrown out of his hotel, a shot was fired at the conductor, and after a week's time the director had to withdraw the music altogether.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock has been meeting with his accustomed successful receptions in connection with his platform appearances in various towns, as well as at home. The *Owen Sound "Times"* says: "This magnificent tenor was heard to excellent effect in Hutton's A Student's Serenade, and in the patriotic song 'Wherever St. George's Banner Waves' and, encores, the fine quality of his voice being shown to much advantage, the upper register particularly displaying complete mastery of voice and careful training." The *Kingston "Whig"* says: "Mr. Sherlock's voice grows sweeter and more flexible all the time. An Evening Song by Hutton was his best selection, and throughout his rendering he held the whole audience spellbound."

M. Andre Messenger, conductor of the Opera Comique at Paris, has been appointed director of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, in succession to Mr. Maurice Grau. The announcement has created quite a stir in musical circles in England, and a cry is once more raised against the favor with which foreigners are received at the expense of native talent. Not a few professionals cynically predict that Covent Garden will become a kind of annex to the Opera Comique.

The opening concert of the Toronto Orchestra has been fixed for the 31st inst., and Mr. Torrington, the conductor, has arranged a very good program of popular music. The orchestral selections will include: Mendelssohn's Wedding March, Rossini's overture *Semiramide*, Massenet's *Sleep of the Virgin*, Franke's Russian intermezzo, a collection of airs from Gounod's *Faust*, and Gungl's waltz *Amoretten Tanze*. The vocalists will be Miss Eileen Millett and Miss Lillian Kirby, who will sing Venanzio's *Magnificat* and Sullivan's *Lost Chord* respectively. Miss Hilda Richardson will play a violin solo concerto of Göttermann, and Miss Eleanor Kennedy, pianist, Weber's Concert-stück, and Liszt's 12th Rhapsody. Altogether an attractive scheme.

It is now stated that Mr. Ernest Ford, a pupil and intimate friend of the composer, will finish the score of the *Ernest* tale, the comic opera left by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Two songs remain to be written, and Mr. Ford will, in addition, have to supply the orchestration.

Verdi has declined the invitation to compose a national anthem for Italy. He is reported to have said that such a work would need to be inspired by a great national crisis. The *Marcellaise*, he added, is not a studied musical composition, but a lyrical outburst of patriotic sentiment. Italy, it is said, has no national anthem of any account that is sung on patriotic occasions.

Miss Josephine Sullivan, harpist of

Dublin, Ireland, niece of T. D. Sullivan, the great Irish orator, has been engaged by the Irish Musical Art Society, of Toronto, for its Feis Ceoil (old Irish Singing Feast) in Massey Music Hall next March. Miss Sullivan was first brought to America by Lady Aberdeen to play at the World's Fair as "Representative Irish Harpist." She is very highly spoken of by the press of both Europe and America and will no doubt score a great hit with her first appearance in Canada. Miss Sullivan uses "an old Irish harp. She is a blonde, young and very pretty."

At the annual general meeting of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, held last week, the following gentlemen were elected as the Board of Directors for the ensuing year: Hon. G. W. Allan, Sir John Alexander Boyd, Hon. Justice MacLennan, W. Barclay McMurich, Q.C., Dr. Edward Fisher, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Henry Seadling, George E. Sears and E. A. Scadding. At a meeting of the board held subsequently, the following officers were duly elected: President, Hon. G. W. Allan; vice-president, Sir John Alexander Boyd and W. Barclay McMurich, Q.C.; honorary treasurer, Augustine Bolter; musical director, Dr. Edward Fisher.

The regular Saturday afternoon recitals at the Toronto Conservatory of Music were resumed last Saturday, when the following pupils of F. H. Torrington provided the programme: Grace Mitchell, Beatrice Dent, Eileen Millett, Percy Hook, Miss S. J. Mahaffy, Annie Stone and Florence Walton.

Miss Grace Mitchell of Winnipeg is now attending the College of Music, to continue her study in organ. This occasion was her first appearance at the students' recitals.

The success which is greeting the young Hungarian pianist, Ernst von Dohnanyi, is phenomenal. In speaking of him, the New York "World" says: "Herr Ernst von Dohnanyi justified all the extravagant praise that London and Boston have lavished upon him. He is an interpreter of the classic style; everything he does is primarily musicianly. His equipment is perfect—an exquisite touch, a rare command of tone color, a direct control of force, a subtle skill in his phrasing. Herr von Dohnanyi is a young man, but he is already an artist of high rank." All lovers of good music are looking forward to Dohnanyi's reappearance in the Massey Hall on February 18, under the auspices of the Conservatory of Music. Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, conductor, Miss Beverley Robinson will be the vocalist, and Miss Lina Drechsler-Adamson, solo violinist, will make her first appearance since her return from Leipzig, Germany. The subscription list, which is rapidly filling up, is at Nordheimer's music store, 500 Bloor Street.

Wanted.

Oh, who shall write the voyages down
Where dragon-flies set sail and drown?
Who knows the rigging of the craft
Where fare the fat moths, drunk and daft?
Oh, come, historian of the sky!
Name us the navies of the fly,
And trace the pathways up the blue
Where prayers arise, where Ariel flew,
Which Shelley's sun-wooded skylark
Knew;
Show us the canvas, gossamer-thin,
Which waits the dream-bought, Might
Have been—
Fathom the leagues of ether-sea,
And write the Odyssey of a bee!
From "On Life's Stairway," by
Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

The Millionaire.

The multi-millionaire was a product of the latter part of the nineteenth century, remarks an exchange. More wealth was created during its closing twenty-five years than in the seventy-five preceding, and the great heads of finance cornered the bulk of it. Nevertheless, it requires a man of rare force of character to accumulate and care for a million dollars. When Disraeli was young, obscure man, he uttered these words during a London address: "Man can be what he pleases. Every one of you can be exactly what he designs to be. I have resolved to hold a certain position, and if I live I will." Although a Jew, against whom at the time English prejudice was strong, Disraeli afterwards attained to the highest position in England, and that held by the Queen herself. The same spirit has characterized the achievements of many millionaires. They started out with a purpose in life, determined to make a convenience of rather than become the tool of circumstance.

"Labby" on Women.

In his interesting paper on "Varying Ideals of Human Beauty," in the current number of the "Nineteenth Century," the Hon. John Collier drops one incidental remark to which I deem, writes Henry Labouchere, He refers to "our civilization, with its unfortunate preponderance of women." Why unfortunate? And unfortunate for whom? From the point of view of man, can we have too many women? Do the women themselves consider that there are too many of them? Cynics in the male sex and blighted spinsters in the other may answer both questions in the affirmative. But though there are moments when many of us are tempted to think that the world could do better with fewer women, I doubt if calm and careful reflection will support that opinion.

A man of science once told me that the numerical preponderance of women is a mark of the vitality of a people. The converse is certainly true, the races in which men have a decisive majority are all decaying races. Some of the Eastern races—holding, I suppose, Mr. Collier's view that the preponderance of women is "unfortunate"—have attempted to reduce the balance by the practice of female infanticide, but the results, as reported by travellers, are uniformly disastrous. From the numerical superiority of men springs the custom of polyandry and worse evils; and from these, in turn, the numerical and physical decline of the race. If,

therefore, any movement could be started for getting rid of superfluous females I shall oppose it, even at the cost of becoming a champion of woman's rights.

A Unique Proposal.

Mr. Alexio Everett Frye, superintendent of schools in Cuba, married the other day Senorita Maria Teresa Arreuberrana, a school teacher of Cardenas, in the government building at Marianao. The bride's mother is a Cuban; her father a native of the Spanish province of Biscay. Senor Arreuberrana was one of the great sugar planters of the island, and his daughter had a snug little fortune of her own, but nearly everything was lost in the war. She met her fate on the excursion of the Cuban school teachers to Harvard last summer.

The way in which Mr. Frye proposed, and the manner in which his proposal was accepted are altogether unique. He telegraphed to her: "I know you are an anti-annexationist, but I wish very much to annex a small part of Cuba. What do you say?"

Her reply was: "I cannot be annexed; but will be happy to accept a protectorate."

His Position Secure.

"So ye are goin' to marry Garrity's widdy, are ye?"
"O' am."
"And fwa't will ye do fwa't she takes to tellin' ye how much the better mon her first mon was?"
"She won't. Didn't O' used to be lickin' Garrity—God rest 'im—about once a fortnight for 'ree years?"—Indianapolis "Press."

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Social and Personal.

Mr. W. R. Riddell has been extremely ill during the past fortnight, and the very sad calamities all about have made his friends most anxious. On Thursday Mr. Riddell's physician pronounced all danger past, and much relief was felt. Mrs. Riddell has nursed her husband with the greatest devotion during the entire period of his illness.

Many good words and congratulations are traveling via the telegraph and telephone wires, and the more conservative penny post, to Senator Melvin-Jones on his new dignity. The Senator is immensely popular with young and old, and all join in wishing him every honor and happiness.

On Tuesday Miss Melvin-Jones gave a delightful luncheon to a large party of young girl friends at Llawhaden. Covers were laid for twenty-two, and the table was decorated with Arcadian arches, in black, and trimmed with white hyacinths and pink carnations, the very original decoration being set on soft billows of white tulle. I fancy these pretty Arcadian arches were brought from England by the fair hostess on her last visit when they had just become the rage. The sad news which came of the national bereavement was not known at the hour of the pretty affair, or its postponement would probably have been immediately arranged, as the young daughter of Llawhaden has been brought up in traditions of loyalty by both her parents, and is an ardent Imperialist herself.

Society, instead of dining, is this week stopping quietly at home. Preparations for the usual large dinners were all "on train" when the news of the extreme likelihood of the death of the Queen reached Toronto. The feasts were immediately postponed. Miss Mowat sent instant messages to those of whom she was to have been the guest of honor, that her presence would not be possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark were to have entertained at dinner on Tuesday, but have postponed the dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Carson Smyth have also postponed a dinner arranged for this week. All the dances have been postponed, except one given by the Railroad Conductors last evening, to which many guests had accepted from distant places, and for which it always takes much planning to get the guests together, because of the duties constantly falling to their consideration.

On Wednesday Miss Edwards, youngest daughter of Mr. W. C. Edwards of Ottawa, and Mr. E. R. Bremner, formerly of Toronto, were quietly married, all celebration of a festive nature having been precluded by the recent death of the bride's brother. Mr. Bremner is now residing in Ottawa.

Mrs. Alfred Benjamin is with her relatives in London, England, and is very much improved in health. Mrs. Frank D. Benjamin will be at home on the first Monday in February, and throughout the season will receive on the fourth Monday of the month. Captain and Mrs. Benjamin are now residing at 337 Sherbourne street.

The suggestion that the Canadians should remain in London and take part in the funeral of the late beloved Queen-Emress meets with much favor. There are several officers well known in Toronto now there. Major Sopimus Denison is still on Lord Roberts' staff, but expected to be released and sail, with Mrs. Denison, for Canada on February 7. Captain Cockburn is also in London. By the way, at the banquet given at Buckingham Palace in honor of Lord Roberts by the Prince of Wales, some short time ago, Major Denison was asked by the Duke of Connaught to be one of the Duke of York's aides if His Royal Highness visited Canada this year. While Major Denison is a fine and valiant soldier, he has won the suffrages of that important new century body, "The Women of Toronto," more by his blithe and debonaire enunciation of the more peaceful role above mentioned, when, as aide to the Aberdeens, he was later, not the surprise and dear delight of his fellow-tacticians, and the chivalrous and unflinching recourse of all the fair ones, from the Countess to her humblest guest. Unless the soldier is detained for duty at the obsequies, Major and Mrs. Denison will sail early next month for Canada.

Miss Justina Harrison has been quite ill this week, but was getting on nicely at last report.

Lady Kirkpatrick is visiting friends in Montreal. Among the Strathcona Horse who are returning to England.

on route for Canada, is Mr. Guy Kirkpatrick, son of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who has fortunately fared well through the campaign.

Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth, who was to have given an afternoon reception and dance in St. George's Hall on February 2, has indefinitely postponed the affair.

There is some real mourning, apart from that felt by every loyal Briton these days in Toronto. A wall goes up from the caterers, musicians and others who minister to the gay world in its pleasures. Therefore, whenever it be possible, let it be remembered that a sudden stoppage of all functions in society means a good deal to these people. Many a little makes a muckle, and many small orders to the caterer, the florist and the fiddler will compensate a little for the dullness brought to their business by the universal cessation from big affairs in the gay set.

Shea's bill this week is really the best all round in tone and interest which I've seen for ages. There isn't a tramp on it, not even a blackface song, nor any sort of educated quadruped. It is all bright, pretty, clever and sometimes marvelous. Though dances and big concerts are "taboo" this and next week, and dinners are largely postponed, the cosy little vaudeville is crowded by the disengaged smart set. When the bill is of the sort presented this week, these good folk remark, "I wonder how Shea does it?"

Mr. Thomas Hamar Greenwood left Toronto to-day, to return to London, England, after a fortnight's visit here and at Whitby.

The reception announced to be given by Mrs. Stratton next Thursday afternoon is indefinitely postponed.

The dance at McConkey's which was to have been given by Mr. Albert Nordheimer on February 8, is postponed.

The dance given on Thursday of last week by Mrs. Nordheimer at Gleneddyth to introduce her daughter, Miss Cecil, was one of the most delightful of the season, the charming home, so admirable a scene for a dance, being perfectly arranged and decorated. Garlands of evergreen and tall shafts of Easter lilies were used for the hall and stairway. The ballroom was lighted with many wax candles, giving quite a Continental touch, and the pretty room and many sitting-out places everywhere were the cosiest nooks imaginable. Mrs. Nordheimer, in a black velvet robe most becoming to her fair beauty, received in the drawing-room, with the debutante, in a dainty white frock, at her side. The other four daughters, even the graceful and winsome little Miss Phillips, were most successful assistants to their lady mother. Mr. Nordheimer was, as always, a most kind and thoughtful host. The attractions of Gleneddyth are indeed so many and so unusual that a dance there seems some fairy dream to recall afterwards. Supper was served in the dining-room and small tables set for the guests. In the winter garden huge Chinese lanterns of beautiful design shed a soft glow and half lit the charming faces and pretty frocks of the young people who lingered there between the dances. The music was excellent, and the hour quite late when the last dance was played.

Mrs. Thompson Christie (nee Johnson) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, January 29 and 30, at Mrs. Thorne's pension, 66 Bloor street east.

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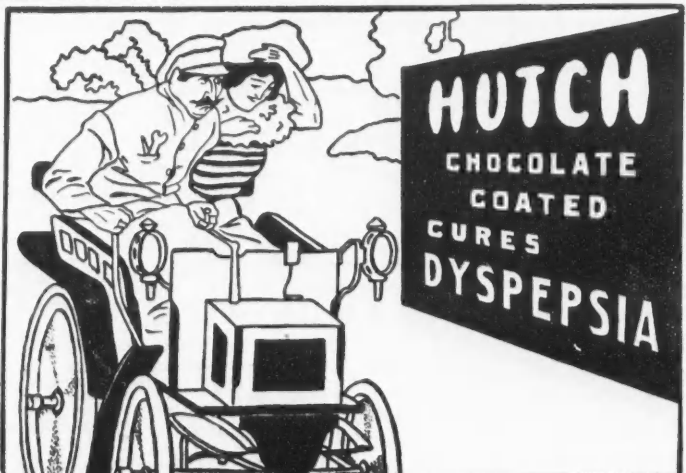
The programme will contain the Weber Concertstucke for piano and orchestra; a concerto for cello with orchestral accompaniment; a selection from Faust for orchestra; a valise by Gungl, also vocal numbers accompanied by the orchestra—Wendell's Wedding March, Massenet's Last Sleep of the Virgin and the Overture to Semiramide, these with other numbers making a fine programme. The general public are earnestly solicited to support the Orchestra. Send subscriptions to F. H. Torrington, College of Music, 11 Pembroke Street, or to Stockwell, Henderson & Co., 108 King Street West.

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By RICHARD R. HOLMES, F.S.A., Librarian to the Queen

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This great work, the most perfect ever issued on the subject, was published in May, 1897, for Her Majesty's Jubilee. THE EDITION WAS LIMITED, 100 being allotted to Canada, and IT IS NOW OUT OF PRINT. The volume contains about FORTY illustrations, most of which have never been elsewhere published. It is printed on vellum, with frontispiece in colors, royal quarto size. The illustrations are in the highest style of the art of photography.

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Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

Are the basis for the following excellent dishes adaptable to hotels and delicious for immediate use. These recipes were specially prepared for us by Mr. C. G. Moore, the well known steward of the Hotel Del Prado of Chicago, Ill., and author of the Vest Pocket Vegetable Book, now being published serially in the Hotel Monthly:

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT CARNATION.

Pick one pint of ripe strawberries, wash and let drain on a sieve. Make a hard sauce in the usual way. Split six biscuits, put them in the oven until they become hot. Cut the strawberries in slices; mix with the hard sauce. Place the biscuit back together with a spoonful of the sauce between and on top of it. Serve while very hot.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS AND RHUBARB CUSTARD.

Trim the ends of the biscuits to fit crosswise in a square loaf cake tin. Remove the center by digging in each end. Fill the cavity with stewed rhubarb; put them in the cake tin after it has been slightly greased and dusted with coarse granulated sugar. Pour on enough plain custard to cover the biscuits. Bake in a slow oven. When done put away until it becomes cold. Then turn bottom side up on a square platter and it will be easily removed. Garnish with chopped jelly. Serve.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS AND CHICKEN LIVERS A LA CREME.

Soak the chicken livers in milk over night to remove the bitter taste. Drain, press dry in a towel. Saute in butter. When done remove from the pan. Rub in enough flour in the remaining butter to make a roux, add some sweet cream,

Makes the best toast in the world.

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SERVED AS A BREAK-FAST CEREAL. Quickly dig biscuit in cold milk, then serve with cream and sugar.

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OUR mid-winter sale has attracted many new customers to this store and their testimony to the uniform reasonableness of our regular quotations and the surpassing lowness of our mid-winter prices is proof that it pays to deal at Canada's greatest exclusively furniture house.

INCLUDED in our stocks are some charming designs in mahogany sideboards, dining-tables and chairs of our own manufacture.

THESE are chiefly reproductions of designs after Chipendale, Kippelwhite and Sheraton, which, for this climate, are far superior to imported originals.

OUR regular prices are much lower than dealers who import the special sale prices we quote all this month make every piece a veritable bargain.

FANCY buying a handsome sideboard 4 ft. 7 in. long in real mahogany, highly finished inside and out, fitted with wine, cutlery and linen drawers, beside a two-door cupboard and trimmed with polished brass handles and escutcheons for \$42.50.

IMAGINE, too, getting a dining-table in choice mahogany with top 4 ft. 6 in. in diameter and leaves extending it to ten feet in length for \$38.00

FOR the bed-room we show equally good values in some of the daintiest designs imaginable in Colonial Empire and Louis XII. suites and individual pieces.

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Social and Personal.

The At Home which was to have been held under the auspices of Ashlar Lodge at McConkey's Assembly Rooms, has, owing to the death of Her Majesty, been indefinitely postponed.

Saturday, February 2, will be studio day for February, and the last for this season. The artists whose names are given below will open their studios to visitors in the afternoon after two o'clock. Many thanks are due to the artists for the courteous manner in which they have received strangers and their kindness in showing and explaining their work: F. M. Bell-Smith, 336 Jarvis street; E. Wyly Grier, Imperial Bank Building; Miss Hemming, 582 Church street; F. McG. Knowles, Room V., Confederation Life Building; Mrs. Dignam, 284 St. George street; Miss G. E. Spurr, Room 18, 15 Toronto street; O. P. Staples, 7 Maitland place; Miss Windeat, 46 Cecil street; C. M. Manly, York Chambers, 15 Toronto street; Miss Laura Muntz, Yonge Street Arcade; R. F. Gagen, 90 Yonge street; F. S. Challener, 43 Adelaide street east; Miss E. May Martin, 110 Crescent road; Thomas Mowbray, 126 Church street.

A new woman's society, to be entitled "The Parkdale Travel Club," was organized at the residence of Mrs. Dick, Spencer avenue, on Wednesday, January 16. The organizer, Mrs. Wellesley Holmsted, explained the constitution at some length. "Its object is to take trips, in imagination, to different countries; and, further, it is its aim to develop individual talent, and to create an intelligent interest in art, in its widest sense, at home as well as abroad." Officers were elected, committees formed for business, literature, art and music. A trip to Italy was selected and all necessary arrangements made. Miss Hill has kindly offered to give a talk on architecture, and to lend her fine collection of Italian photos to Mrs. Holmsted for illustration of art subjects. Miss Hill was elected an honorary member, as a small testimony of the club's appreciation of her kind interest in it. The club is a fortnightly one, and is limited to thirty members. Branches are being organized in other parts of the city.

Many kind responses have been made to the plea for the thousands of little orphans now left destitute in India, the outcome of the long and terrible famine. Fifteen dollars will keep one of these little ones in a happy home for one year, where they will receive love and care and Christian education. Those desiring to do so can take up the care of one of these children by the payment of \$15, and several have done so, sending name and address, so that in return they can, if they so desire, be put in touch with the mission in which the child is placed, may hear of its welfare and progress and direct its education to any particular calling. May we not hope that some of these children who have been rescued, perhaps from starvation, perhaps from being sold—alas! for evil purposes—into the hands of wicked natives, may grow up, by the blessing and grace of God, to be true servants of our Lord Jesus Christ. Perhaps those connected with Sunday schools, mission bands or other societies can raise up friends for some of these famine orphans. Please address contributions to Miss Caroline Macklem, Sylvan Tower, Rosedale, Toronto.

The Kingston "Whig" says of Miss Tilla Lapatinikoff, who sang at the Sydenham Street Church: "Her selection, O Lamb of God, by Jacoby, was superbly sung. She is the possessor of a beautiful dramatic soprano voice, which has been highly cultivated."

Mrs. Bruce Macdonald held her post-nuptial reception at Chestnut Park last Thursday afternoon, when a wretched day did not hinder many friends from calling. Mrs. Macdonald, who is a very sweet little bride, will receive on Thursdays during the season.

This is how a Canadian was impressed by a sight of Queen Victoria last summer: "The charm of that wonderful presence was revealed to me in a single glance of the kind eyes and the indescribable sweetness of the smile that lit the noble features. None but a queen could have borne herself, at such an advanced age, with like dignity and grace, and only a woman of unsullied heart and life could have retained so long the serenity that was stamped on that almost youthful brow. The gracious vision passed all too quickly, and it seemed to me that on the field of all who had beheld it there lingered for a moment a reflection of the nobility and sweetness they had seen pictured there. On every side I heard words of praise and affection for the venerable Sovereign."

The engagement of Mr. McHarry, manager of the Bank of Commerce, Peterboro', to Miss Daisy Hamilton, daughter of the late Hon. Robert Hamilton, is announced.

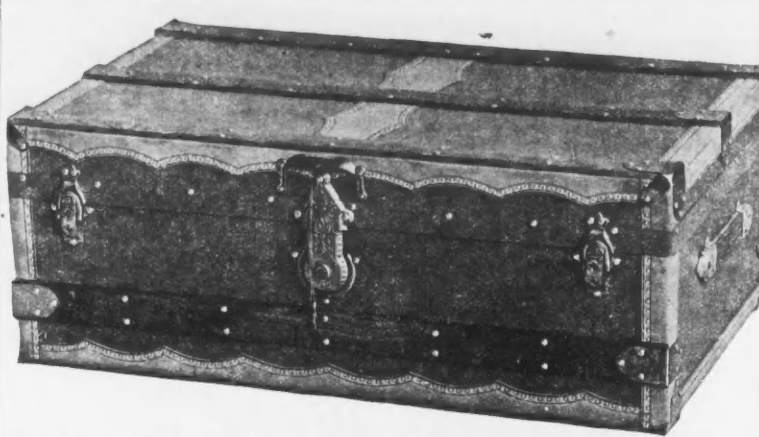
Mrs. Robert Parker of Lowther avenue left on Wednesday for a few weeks at Clifton Springs.

The first hint of the coming seclusion of society people was given on Tuesday afternoon, when callers were met by closed blinds and "Not at home" from many prominent residents in the Queen's Park and College street, while within doors sat bright women and girls, sadly conversing upon the national loss and bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brock gave a euchre party on Saturday evening.

Miss Kate Ross was to have entertained the Euchre and Dancing Club last night at her home in Elmsley Place, but on account of the death of the Queen the club meeting was not held.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether the death of the Queen should be equal to a "mercredi aux cendres" and put an abrupt end to the social season. At time of writing, a rumor has been circulated that the Governor-General was to proclaim a month's mourning for the Queen. Such a proclamation would entirely snow under the expected opening and drawingroom at Ottawa. If mourning means more than a formal wearing of a bit of crape or rib-



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bon. Therefore, the many intending visitors have been more or less anxiously waiting to see what would transpire, and whether they should have their usual bowing and curtsying before the representatives of Royalty at the capital.

On Wednesday a small company was entertained at Mrs. Lawlor's, Queen's Park, by a couple of young ladies in pension at Frewen House. A quite informal carpet dance was the young people's amusement, with dainty refreshments.

Mrs. Edwards of Huron street gave a progressive matinee euchre on Thursday afternoon to a number of ladies. Mrs. Edwards is one of the bright Peterboro' people who have been so welcome on removal to Toronto.

Mrs. George Boomer held her post-nuptial receptions on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. The bride wore a beautiful Stitt gown of crepe de chine, with white chiffon embroidery. Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Willie Baines, Mrs. Sweeney, and Miss Lola Henderson were assisting. The tea table was pretty with pink roses and pink shaded candles in silver candelabra. Shoals of friends called, among them Mrs. Harley Roberts, with whom the bride was on a visit when she met Mr. Boomer last year.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
Scott—Jan. 20th, Mrs. J. P. Scott, a daughter.
Gray—Jan. 23rd, Mrs. J. C. Gray, a daughter.
Ferguson—Jan. 8th, Mrs. Thomas Ferguson, a son.
Hodgson—Jan. 2nd, Mrs. P. F. Hodgson, a son.
McKenzie—Jan. 18th, Mrs. (Rev.) J. A. McKenzie, a daughter.
Alward—Jan. 18th, Mrs. F. J. Alward, a son.

Marriages.
Corre—Dettor—Jan. 16th, E. J. Corre to Harriet (Hattie) Dettor.
Foster—Gillespie—Jan. 16th, Thomas Henry Foster to Bella Gillespie.

Deaths.
Sargent—At New Haven, Conn., on Friday, Jan. 18th, after a long and painful illness, Nettie, wife of Charles E. Sargent, and sister of E. E. Sheppard, of Toronto, in her 34th year. Interment at Pittsfield, N.H., on Monday, Jan. 21st.

West—Jan. 21st, Peter West, in his 56th year.
Jarvis—Jan. 21st, Grace Madeline Jarvis, Kirkland—Jan. 19th, Alexander Kirkland, aged 83.
Nixon—Jan. 20th, Mary Nixon.
Bailey—Jan. 20th, infant son of Charles L. and Florence Bailey, aged one week.
Shuh—Jan. 20th, John Shuh, in his 73rd year.
Smyth—Jan. 20th, Jane Smyth, in her 75th year.
Higgins—Jan. 20th, Major Moore Higgins, in his 51st year.
Lester—Jan. 20th, Blanche Graham Lester, in her 47th year.
Lindsay—Jan. 23rd, Isabella Lindsay, aged 88.
Fidler—Jan. 22nd, Major Robert P. Fidler, in his 65th year.

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